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"NOT TO BE."

THE rose said, "Let but this long rain be
past,

And I shall feel my sweetness in the sun
And pour its fulness into life at last."

But when the rain was done,
But when dawn sparkled through un-
clouded air,
She was not there.

The lark said, "Let but winter be away,
And blossoms come, and light, and I will
soar,

And lose the earth, and be the voice of
day."

But when the snows were o'er,
But when spring broke in blueness over-
head,

The lark was dead.

And myriad roses made the garden glow,
And skylarks carolled all the summer
long—

What lack of birds to sing and flowers to
blow?

Yet, ah, lost scent, lost song!

Poor empty rose, poor lark that never
trilled!

Dead unfulfilled!

AGATHA WEBSTER.

FATE.

FAR across the broad leagues heaving,
'twixt old England and her home,
Like a bird the sunshine seeking, to the
southern lands she'd come;

From his quaint old palace lying in the
great Sierra's shade,

Careless of the fate that drew him to the
fair pale northern maid,

The haughty Spaniard came to woo her,
and the sweet blue Saxon eyes

Sank beneath the glances fired by the glow
of Seville skies;

Where the Daphne buds were growing,
And the soft west winds were blowing,

There they stood, and hands and lips met
in youth's frank faith together,

There their faith and troth they plighted,
in the blue Biscayan weather.

Home she went, where English dawns
crept about the world of boughs,

Where, all grey, and still, and stately, stood
the old time-honored house;

Home he went, where crimson sunsets
dyed the mountain's snowy crest,

And the Vega glowed beneath them as the
hot hours sank to rest;

While the Daphne buds were growing,
And the soft west winds were blowing,
And fate with her cold, sneering smile drew
ever more apart

The links that fearless youth had sworn
should bind each restless heart.

An April day in England saw a bridal
party pass,

To reach the church's hoary porch, across
the dewy grass;

An April day in Seville heard the great
cathedral chimes

Ring o'er the giant orange-trees, and
through the flowering limes.

The bride looked up with blush and smile
to her Yorkshire bridegroom's face—

The bridegroom o'er Madrid's fair child
bent in his stately grace—

Daphne buds again were growing,
Soft west winds again were blowing;

Those scents and sounds forever, though
those two no more may meet,

Will make one proud lip quiver, will make
one hushed heart beat.

All The Year Round.

TO BROWNING.

NONE love in vain; for God, who will not
take

His least gift back, takes not the heavenli-
est one;

None of his faithful will Love's heart for-
sake,

Though death make dumb the spring and
dark the sun.

The dead are always with us everywhere,
Unseen of mortal eyes, yet unremoved,

Those gracious ghosts that make the twi-
light fair,

The souls that lighted ours, and hearts that
loved.

No nightingale sings for the rose alone,
But the least leaf may share his gift of
song;

So, while the many mourners make their
moan,

I, least of all who loved thee, shall not
wrong

Thy fame, when these have left thee with
thy peers

Nor of thy spirit be misunderstood

That bring thee my Love's gift of song and
tears—

I give my best, and each heart's best is good.

PAKENHAM BEATTY.

From *The Contemporary Review*.
ETHICS AND THE STRUGGLE FOR
EXISTENCE.

IN his deeply interesting Romanes lecture, Professor Huxley has stated the opinion that the ethical progress of society depends upon our combating the "cosmic process" which we call the struggle for existence. Since, as he adds, we inherit the "cosmic nature" which is the outcome of millions of years of severe training, it follows that the "ethical nature" may count upon having to reckon with a tenacious and powerful enemy as long as the world lasts. This is not a cheerful prospect. It is, as he admits, an audacious proposal to pit the microcosm against the macrocosm. We cannot help fearing that the microcosm may get the worst of it. Professor Huxley has not fully expanded his meaning, and says much to which I could cordially subscribe. But I think that the facts upon which he relies admit or require an interpretation which avoids the awkward conclusion.

Pain and suffering, as Professor Huxley tells us, are always with us, and even increase in quantity and intensity as evolution advances. The fact has been recognized in remote ages long before theories of evolution had taken their modern form. Pessimism, from the time of the ancient Hindoo philosophers to the time of their disciple, Schopenhauer, has been in no want of evidence to support its melancholy conclusions. It would be idle to waste rhetoric in the attempt to recapitulate so familiar a position. Though I am not a pessimist, I cannot doubt that there is more plausibility in the doctrine than I could wish. Moreover, it may be granted that any attempt to explain or to justify the existence of evil is undeniably futile. It is not so much that the problem cannot be answered as that it cannot even be asked in any intelligible sense. To "explain" a fact is to assign its causes—that is, to give the preceding set of facts out of which it arose. However far we might go backwards, we should get no nearer to perceiving any reason

for the original fact. If we explain the fall of man by Adam's eating the apple we are quite unable to say why the apple should have been created. If we could discover a general theory of pain, showing, say, that it implied certain physiological conditions, we should be no nearer to knowing why those physiological conditions should have been what they are. The existence of pain, in short, is one of the primary data of our problem, not one of the accidents for which we can hope in any intelligible sense to account. To give any "justification" is equally impossible. The book of Job really suggests an impossible, one may almost say a meaningless, problem. We can give an intelligible meaning to a demand for justice when we can suppose that a man has certain antecedent rights which another man may respect or neglect. But this has no meaning as between the abstraction "nature" and the concrete facts which are themselves nature. It is unjust to treat equal claims differently. But it is not "unjust" in any intelligible sense that one being should be a monkey and another a man, any more than that one part of me should be a hand and another a head. The question would only arise if we supposed that the man and the monkey had existed before they were created, and had then possessed claims to equal treatment. The most logical theologians indeed admit that as between creature and creator there can be properly no question of justice. The pot and the potter cannot complain of each other. If the writer of Job had been able to show that the virtuous were rewarded and the vicious punished, he would only have transferred the problem to another issue. The judge might be justified but the creator would be condemned. How can it be just to place a being where he is certain to sin and then to damn him for sinning? That is the problem to which no answer can be given; and which already implies a confusion of ideas. We apply the conception of justice in a sphere where it is not applicable, and naturally fail to get any intelligible answer.

The question therefore really resolves itself into a different one. We can neither explain nor justify the existence of pain; but of course we can ask whether, as a matter of fact, pain predominates over pleasure, and we can ask whether, as a matter of fact, the "cosmic processes" tend to promote or discourage virtuous conduct. Does the theory of the "struggle for existence" throw any new light upon the general problem? I am quite unable to see, for my own part, that it really makes any difference; evil exists; and the question whether evil predominates over good can only, I should say, be decided by an appeal to experience. One source of evil is the conflict of interests. Every beast preys upon others, and man, according to the old saying, is a wolf to man. All that the Darwinian theory can do is to enable us to trace the consequences of this fact in certain directions, but it neither reveals the fact nor makes it more or less an essential part of the process. It "explains" certain phenomena, in the sense of showing their connection with previous phenomena, but does not show why the phenomena should present themselves at all. If we indulge our minds in purely fanciful constructions, we may regard the actual system as good or bad, just as we choose to imagine for its alternative a better or a worse system. If everybody had been put into a world where there was no pain, or where each man could get all he wanted without interfering with his neighbors, we may fancy that things would have been pleasanter. If the struggle, which we all know to exist, had no effect in promoting the "survival of the fittest," things—so at least some of us may think—would have been worse. But such fancies have nothing to do with scientific inquiries. We have to take things as they are and make the best of them.

The common feeling, no doubt, is different. The incessant struggle between different races suggests a painful view of the universe, as Hobbes's natural state of war suggested painful theories as to human nature. War is

evidently immoral, we think; and a doctrine which makes the whole process of evolution a process of war must be radically immoral too. The struggle, it is said, demands "ruthless self-assertion," and the hunting down of all competitors; and such phrases certainly have an unpleasant sound. But, in the first place, the use of the epithets implies an anthropomorphism to which we have no right so long as we are dealing with the inferior species. We are then in a region to which moral ideas have no direct application, and where the moral sentiments exist only in germ, if they can properly be said to exist at all. Is it fair to call a wolf "ruthless" because it eats a sheep and fails to consider the transaction from the sheep's point of view? We must surely admit that if the wolf is without mercy he is also without malice. We call an animal ferocious because a man who acted in the same way would be ferocious. But the man is really ferocious because he is really aware of the pain which he inflicts. The wolf, I suppose, has no more recognition of the sheep's feelings than a man has of feelings in the oyster or the potato. For him, they are simply non-existent; and it is just as inappropriate to think of the wolf as cruel as it would be to call the sheep cruel for eating grass. Are we, then, to say that "nature" is cruel because the arrangement increases the sum of general suffering? That is a problem which I do not feel able to answer; but it is at least obvious that it cannot be answered off-hand in the affirmative. To the individual sheep it matters nothing whether he is eaten by the wolf or dies of disease or starvation. He has to die any way, and the particular way is unimportant. The wolf is simply one of the limiting forces upon sheep, and, if he were removed, others would come into play. The sheep, left to himself, would still have a practical illustration of the doctrine of Malthus. If, as evolutionists tell us, the hostility of the wolf tends to improve the breed of sheep, to encourage him to climb better and to sharpen his wits, the sheep may

be, on the whole, the better for the wolf; in this sense, at least, thus the sheep of a wolfless region might lead a more wretched existence, and be less capable animals and more subject to disease and starvation than the sheep in a wolf-haunted region. The wolf may so far, be a blessing in disguise.

This suggests another obvious remark. When we speak of the struggle for existence, the popular view seems to construe this into the theory that the world is a mere cockpit, in which one race carries on an internecine struggle with the other. If the wolves are turned in with the sheep, the first result will be that all the sheep will become mutton, and the last that there will be one big wolf with all the others inside him. But this is contrary to the essence of the doctrine. Every race depends, we all hold, upon its environment, and the environment includes all the other races. If some, therefore, are in conflict, others are mutually necessary. If the wolf ate all the sheep, and the sheep ate all the grass, the result would be the extirpation of all the sheep and all the wolves, as well as all the grass. The struggle necessarily implies reciprocal dependence in a countless variety of ways. There is not only a conflict, but a system of tacit alliances. One species is necessary to the existence of others, though the multiplication of some implies also the dying out of particular rivals. The conflict implies no cruelty, as I have said, and the alliance no good-will. The wolf neither loves the sheep (except as mutton) nor hates him; but he depends upon him as absolutely as if he were aware of the fact. The sheep is one of the wolf's necessities of life. When we speak of the struggle for existence we mean, of course, that there is at any given period a certain equilibrium between all the existing species; it changes, though it changes so slowly that the process is imperceptible and difficult to realize even to the scientific imagination. The survival of any species involves the disappearance of rivals no more than the preservation of allies. The struggle, therefore, is so

far from internecine that it necessarily involves co-operation. It cannot even be said that it necessarily implies suffering. People, indeed, speak as though the extinction of a race involved suffering in the same way as the slaughter of an individual. It is plain that this is not a necessary, though it may sometimes be the actual result. A corporation may be suppressed without injury to its members. Every individual will die before long, struggle or no struggle. If the rate of reproduction fails to keep up with the rate of extinction, the species must diminish. But this might happen without any increase of suffering. If the boys in a district discovered how to take birds' eggs, they might soon extirpate a species; but it does not follow that the birds would individually suffer. Perhaps they would feel themselves relieved from a disagreeable responsibility. The process by which a species is improved, the dying out of the least fit, implies no more suffering than we know to exist independently of any doctrine as to a struggle. When we use anthropomorphic language, we may speak of "self-assertion." But "self-assertion," minus the anthropomorphism, means self-preservation; and that is merely a way of describing the fact that an animal or plant which is well adapted to its conditions of life is more likely to live than an animal which is ill adapted. I have some difficulty in imagining how any other arrangement can even be supposed possible. It seems to be almost an identical proposition that the healthiest and strongest will generally live longest; and the conception of a "struggle for existence" only enables us to understand how this results in certain progressive modifications of the species. If we could even for a moment have fancied that there was no pain and disease, and that some beings were not more liable than others to those evils, I might admit that the new doctrine has made the world darker. As it is, it seems to me that it leaves the data just what they were before, and only shows us that they have certain previously

unsuspected bearings upon the history of the world.

One other point must be mentioned. Not only are species interdependent as well as partly in competition, but there is an absolute dependence in all the higher species between its different members which may be said to imply a *de facto* altruism, as the dependence upon other species implies a *de facto* co-operation. Every animal, to say nothing else, is absolutely dependent for a considerable part of its existence upon its parents. The young bird or beast could not grow up unless its mother took care of it for a certain period. There is, therefore, no struggle as between mother and progeny, but, on the contrary, the closest possible alliance. Otherwise life would be impossible. The young being defenceless, their parents could exterminate them if they pleased, and by so doing would exterminate the race. This, of course, constantly involves a mutual sacrifice of the mother to her young. She has to go through a whole series of operations, which strain her own strength and endanger her own existence, but which are absolutely essential to the continuance of the race. It may be anthropomorphic to attribute any maternal emotions of the human kind to the animal. The bird, perhaps, sits upon her eggs because they give her an agreeable sensation, or, if you please, from a blind instinct which somehow determines her to the practice. She does not look forward, we may suppose, to bringing up a family, or speculate upon the delights of domestic affection. I only say that as a fact she behaves in a way which is at once injurious to her own chances of survival and absolutely necessary to the survival of the species. The abnormal bird who deserts her nest escapes many dangers; but if all birds were devoid of the instinct, the birds would not survive a generation.

Now, I ask, what is the difference which takes place when the monkey gradually loses his tail and sets up a superior brain? Is it properly to be described as a development or improve-

ment of the "cosmic process," or as the beginning of a prolonged contest against it?

In the first place, so far as man becomes a reasonable being, capable of foresight and of the adoption of means to ends, he recognizes the necessity of these tacit alliances. He believes it to be his interest not to exterminate everything, but to exterminate those species alone whose existence is incompatible with his own. The wolf eats every sheep that he comes across as long as his appetite lasts. If there are too many wolves, the process is checked by the starvation of the super-numerary eaters. Man can preserve as many sheep as he wants, and may also proportion the numbers of his own species to the possibilities of future supply. Many of the lower species thus become subordinate parts of the social organism — that is to say, of the new equilibrium which has been established. There is so far a reciprocal advantage. The sheep who is preserved with a view to mutton gets the advantage, though he is not kept with a view to his own advantage. Of all arguments for vegetarianism, none is so weak as the argument from humanity. The pig has a stronger interest than any one in the demand for bacon. If all the world were Jewish, there would be no pigs at all. He has to pay for his privileges by an early death; but he makes a good bargain of it. He dies young, and, though we can hardly infer the "love of the gods," we must admit that he gets a superior race of beings to attend to his comforts, moved by the strongest possible interest in his health and vigor, and induced by its own needs, perhaps, to make him a little too fat for comfort, but certainly also to see that he has a good sty, and plenty to eat every day of his life. Other races, again, are extirpated as "ruthlessly" as in the merely instinctive struggle for existence. We get rid of wolves and snakes as well as we can, and more systematically than can be done by their animal competitors. The process does not necessarily involve cruelty, and certainly does not involve a diminution of the total of

happiness. The struggle for existence means the substitution of a new system of equilibrium, in which one of the old discords has been removed, and the survivors live in greater harmony. If the wolf is extirpated as an internecine enemy, it is that there may be more sheep when sheep have become our allies and the objects of our earthly providence. The result may be, perhaps I might say must be, a state in which, on the whole, there is a greater amount of life supported on the planet; and therefore, as those will think who are not pessimists, a decided gain on the balance. At any rate, the difference so far is that the condition which was in all cases necessary, is now consciously recognized as necessary; and that we deliberately aim at a result which always had to be achieved on penalty of destruction. So far, again, as morality can be established on purely prudential grounds, the same holds good of relations between human beings themselves. Men begin to perceive that, even from a purely personal point of view, peace is preferable to war. If war is unhappily still prevalent, it is at least not war in which every clan is fighting with its neighbors, and where conquest means slavery or extirpation. Millions of men are at peace within the limits of a modern state, and can go about their business without cutting each other's throats. When they fight with other nations they do not enslave nor massacre their prisoners. Taking the purely selfish ground, a Hobbes can prove conclusively that everybody has benefited by the social compact which substituted peace and order for the original state of war. Is this, then, a reversal of the old state of things — a combating of a "cosmic process"? I should rather say that it is a development of the tacit alliances, and a modification so far of the direct or internecine conflict. Both were equally implied in the older conditions, and both still exist. Some races form alliances, while others are crowded out of existence. Of course, I cease to do some things which I should have done before. I don't

attack the first man I meet in the street and take his scalp. The reason is that I don't expect that he will take mine; for, if I did, I fear that even as a civilized being, I should try to anticipate his intentions. This merely means that we have both come to see that we have a common interest in keeping the peace. And this, again, merely means that the alliance which was always an absolutely necessary condition of the survival of the species has now been extended through a wider area. The species could not have got on at all if there had not been so much alliance as is necessary for its reproduction and for the preservation of its young for some years of helplessness. The change is simply that the small circle which included only the primitive family or class has extended, so that we can meet members of the same race on terms which were previously confined to the minuter group. We have still to exterminate and still to preserve. The mode of employing our energies has changed, but not the essential nature.

Morality proper, however, has so far not emerged. It begins when sympathy begins; when we really desire the happiness of others; or, as Kant says, when we treat other men as an end and not simply as a means. Undoubtedly this involves a new principle, no less than the essential principle of all true morality. Still I have to ask whether it implies a combating or a continuation of a cosmic process. Now, as I have observed, even the animal mother shows what I have called a *de facto* altruism. She has instincts which, though dangerous to the individual, are essential for the race. The human mother sacrifices herself with a consciousness of the results to herself, and her personal fears are overcome by the strength of her affections. She will endure a painful death to save her children from suffering. The animal sacrifices herself but without consciousness and therefore without moral worth. This is merely the most striking exemplification of the general process of the development of morality. Conduct is

first regarded purely with a view to the effects upon the agent, and is therefore enforced by extrinsic penalties, by consequences, that is, supposed to be attached to it by the will of some ruler, natural or supernatural. The instinct which comes to regard such conduct as bad in itself, which implies a dislike of giving pain to others, not merely a dislike to the gallows, grows up under such protection, and in the really moralized being acquires a strength which makes the external penalty superfluous. This, indubitably, is the greatest of all changes, the critical fact which decides whether we are to regard conduct simply as useful or also to regard it as moral in the strictest sense. But I should still call it a development and not a reversal of the previous process. The conduct which we call virtuous is the same conduct externally which we before regarded as useful. The difference is that the simple fact of its utility—that is, of its utility to others and to the race in general—has now become the sufficient motive for the action as well as the implicit cause of the action. In the earlier stages, when no true sympathy existed, men and animals were still forced to act in a certain way because it was beneficial to others. They now act in that way because they perceive it to be beneficial to others. The whole history of moral evolution seems to imply this. We may go back to a period at which the moral law is identified with the general customs of the race; at which there is no perception of any clear distinction between that which is moral and that which is simply customary; between that which is imposed by a law in the strict sense and that which is dictated by general moral principles. In such a state of things, the motives for obedience partake of the nature of "blind instincts." No definite reason for them is present to the mind of the agent, and it does not occur to him even to demand a reason. "Our father did so and we do so" is the sole and sufficient explanation of their conduct. Thus instinct again may be traced back by evolutionists to the earliest period at which the

instincts implied in the relations between the sexes, or between parents and offspring, existed. They were the germ from which has sprung all morality such as we now recognize.

Morality, then, implies the development of certain instincts which are essential to the race, but which may in an indefinite number of cases be injurious to the individual. The particular mother is killed because she obeys her natural instincts; but if it were not for mothers and their instincts, the race would come to an end. Professor Huxley speaks of the "fanatical individualism" of our time as failing to construct morality from the analogy of the cosmic process. An individualism which regards the cosmic process as equivalent simply to an internecine struggle of each against all must certainly fail to construct a satisfactory morality, and I will add that any individualism which fails to recognize fully the social factor, which regards society as an aggregate instead of an organism, will, in my opinion, find itself in difficulties. But I also submit that the development of the instincts which directly correspond to the needs of the race, is merely another case in which we aim consciously at an end which was before an unintentional result of our actions. Every race, above the lowest, has instincts which are only intelligible by the requirements of the race; and has both to compete with some and to form alliances with others of its fellow-occupants of the planet. Both in the unmoralized condition and in that in which morality has become most developed, these instincts have the common characteristics that they may be regarded as conditions of the power of the race to maintain its position in the world, and so, speaking roughly, to preserve or increase its own vitality.

I will not pause to insist upon this so far as regards many qualities which are certainly moral, though they may be said to refer primarily to the individual. That chastity and temperance, truthfulness and energy, are, on the whole, advantages both to the individual and to the race, does not, I fancy, require

elaborate proof; nor need I argue at length that the races in which they are common will therefore have inevitable advantages in the struggle for existence. Of all qualities which enable a race to hold its own, none is more important than the power of organizing ecclesiastically, politically, and socially, and that power implies the prevalence of justice and the existence of mutual confidence, and therefore of all the social virtues. The difficulty seems to be felt in regard to those purely altruistic impulses which, at first glance at any rate, make it apparently our duty to preserve those who would otherwise be unfit to live. Virtue, says Professor Huxley, is directed "not so much to the survival of the fittest," as to the "fitting of as many as possible to survive." I do not dispute the statement, I think it true in a sense; but I have a difficulty as to its application.

Morality, it is obvious, must be limited by the conditions in which we are placed. What is impossible is not a duty. One condition plainly is that the planet is limited. There is only room for a certain number of living beings. It is one consequence that we do in fact go on suppressing the unfit, and cannot help going on suppressing them. Is it desirable that it should be otherwise? Should we wish, for example, that America could still be a hunting-ground for savages? Is it better that a country should contain a million red men or twenty millions of civilized whites? Undoubtedly the moralist will say with truth that the methods of extirpation adopted by Spaniards and Englishmen were detestable. I need not say that I agree with him and hope that such methods may be abolished wherever any remnant of them exists. But I say so partly just because I believe in the struggle for existence. This process underlies morality, and operates whether we are moral or not. The most civilized race—that which has the greatest knowledge, skill, power of organization—will, I hold, have an inevitable advantage in the struggle, even if it does not use the brutal means which are super-

fluous as well as cruel. All the natives who lived in America a hundred years ago would be dead now in any case, even if they had invariably been treated with the greatest humanity, fairness, and consideration. Had they been unable to suit themselves to new conditions of life, they would have suffered a euthanasia instead of a partial extirpation; and had they suited themselves they would either have been absorbed or become a useful part of the population. To abolish the old brutal method is not to abolish the struggle for existence, but to make the result depend upon a higher order of qualities than those of the mere piratical viking.

Mr. Pearson has been telling us in his most interesting book that the negro may not improbably hold his own in Africa. I cannot say I regard this as an unmixed evil. Why should there not be parts of the world in which races of inferior intelligence or energy should hold their own? I am not so anxious to see the whole earth covered by an indefinite multiplication of the cockney type. But I only quote the suggestion for another reason. Till recent years the struggle for existence was carried on as between Europeans and negroes by simple violence and brutality. The slave-trade and its consequences have condemned the whole continent to barbarism. That undoubtedly was part of the struggle for existence. But if Mr. Pearson's guess should be verified, the results have been so far futile as well as disastrous. The negro has been degraded, and yet, after all our brutality, we cannot take his place. Therefore, besides the enormous evils to slave-trading countries themselves, the lowering of their moral tone, the substitution of piracy for legitimate commerce, and the degradation of the countries which bought the slaves, the superior race has not even been able to suppress the inferior. But the abolition of this monstrous evil does not involve the abolition but the humanization of the struggle. The white man, however merciful he becomes, may gradually extend over such parts of the country as are suitable to

him, and the black man will hold the rest, and acquire such arts and civilization as he is capable of appropriating. The absence of cruelty would not alter the fact that the fittest race would extend; but it may ensure that whatever is good in the negro may have a chance of development in his own sphere, and that success in the struggle will be decided by more valuable qualities.

Without venturing further into a rather speculative region, I need only indicate the bearing of such considerations upon problems nearer home. It is often complained that the tendency of modern civilization is to preserve the weakly, and therefore to lower the vitality of the race. This seems to involve inadmissible assumptions. In the first place, the process by which the weaker are preserved, consists in suppressing various conditions unfavorable to human life in general. Sanitary legislation, for example, aims at destroying the causes of many of the diseases from which our forefathers suffered. If we can suppress the small-pox, we of course save many weakly children, who would have died had they been attacked. But we also remove one of the causes which weakened the constitutions of many of the survivors. I do not know by what right we can say that such legislation, or again the legislation which prevents the excessive labor of children, does more harm by preserving the weak than it does good by preventing the weakening of the strong. But one thing is at any rate clear. To preserve life is to increase the population, and therefore to increase the competition, and, in other words, to intensify the struggle for existence. The process is as broad as it is long. If we could ensure that every child born should grow up to maturity, the result would be to double the severity of the competition for support. What we should have to show, therefore, in order to justify the inference of a deterioration due to this process, would be, not that it simply increased the number of the candidates for living, but that it gave to feeble candidates a differential advantage;

that they are now more fitted than they were before for ousting their superior neighbors from the chances of support. But I can see no reason for supposing such a consequence to be probable or even possible. The struggle for existence, as I have suggested, rests upon the unalterable facts, that the world is limited and population elastic, and under all conceivable circumstances we shall still have in some way or other to proportion our numbers to our supplies, and under all circumstances those who are fittest by reason of intellectual or moral or physical qualities will have the best chance of occupying good places, and leaving descendants to supply the next generation. It is surely not less true that in the civilized as much as in the most barbarous race, the healthiest are the most likely to live, and the most likely to be ancestors. If so, the struggle will still be carried on upon the same principles, though certainly in a different shape.

It is true that this suggests one of the most difficult questions of the time. It is suggested, for example, that in some respects the "highest" specimens of the race are not the healthiest or the fittest. Genius, according to some people, is a variety of disease, and intellectual power is won by a diminution of reproductive power. A lower race, again, if we measure "high" and "low" by intellectual capacity, may oust a higher race, because it can support itself more cheaply, or, in other words, because it is more efficient for industrial purposes. Without presuming to pronounce upon such questions, I will simply ask whether this does not interpret Professor Huxley's remark about that "cosmic nature" which, he says, is still so strong, and which is likely to be strong so long as men require stomachs. The fact is simply that we have not to suppress it, but to adapt it to new circumstances. We are engaged in working out a gigantic problem: What is the best, in the sense of the most efficient, type of human being? What is the best combination of brains and stomach? We turn out saints who are "too good to

live," and philosophers who have run too rapidly to brains. They do not answer in practice, because they are instruments too delicate for the rough work of daily life. They may give a foretaste of qualities which will be some day possible for the average man; of intellectual and moral qualities which, though now exceptional, may become commonplace. But the best stock for the race are those in whom we have been lucky enough to strike out the happy combination in which greater intellectual power is gained without the loss of physical vigor. Such men, it is probable, will not deviate so widely from the average type. The reconciliation of the two conditions can only be effected by a very gradual process of slowly edging onwards in the right direction. Meanwhile the theory of a struggle for existence justifies us, instead of condemning us, for preserving the delicate child, who may turn out to be a Newton or a Keats, because he will leave to us the advantage of his discoveries or his poems, while physical feebleness assures us that he will not propagate his race.

This may lead to a final question. Does the morality of a race strengthen or weaken it; fit it to hold its own in the general equilibrium, or make its extirpation by lower races more probable? I do not suppose that anybody would deny what I have already suggested that the more moral the race, the more harmonious and the better organized, the better it is fitted for holding its own. But if this be admitted, we must also admit that the change is not that it has ceased to struggle, but that it struggles by different means. It holds its own, not merely by brute force, but by justice, humanity, and intelligence, while, it may be added, the possession of such qualities does not weaken the brute force, where such a quality is still required. The most civilized races are, of course, also the most formidable in war. But, if we take the opposite alternative, I must ask how any quality which really weakens the vitality of the

race can properly be called moral? I should entirely repudiate any rule of conduct which could be shown to have such a tendency. This, indeed, indicates what seems to me to be the chief difficulty with most people. Charity, you say, is a virtue; charity increases beggary, and so far tends to produce a feebler population; therefore, a moral quality clearly tends to diminish the vigor of a nation. The answer is, of course, obvious, and I am confident that Professor Huxley would so far agree with me. It is that all charity which fosters a degraded class is therefore immoral. The "fanatical individualism" of to-day has its weaknesses; but in this matter it seems to me that we see the weakness of the not less fanatical "collectivism."

The question, in fact, how far any of the socialistic or religious schemes of to-day are right or wrong, depends upon our answer to the question how far they tend to produce a vigorous or an enervated population. If I am asked to subscribe to General Booth's scheme, I inquire first whether the scheme is likely to increase or diminish the number of helpless hangers-on upon the efficient part of society. Will the whole nation consist in larger proportions of active and responsible workers, or of people who are simply burthens upon the real workers? The answer decides not only the question whether it is expedient, but also the question whether it is right or wrong, to support the proposed scheme. Every charitable action is so far a good action that it implies sympathy for suffering; but if it implies such want of prudence that it increases the evil which it means to remedy, it becomes for that reason a bad action. To develop sympathy without developing foresight is just one of the one-sided developments which fail to constitute a real advance in morality, though I will not deny that it may incidentally lead to an advance.

I hold, then, that the "struggle for existence" belongs to an underlying order of facts to which moral epithets cannot be properly applied. It denotes

a condition of which the moralist has to take account, and to which morality has to be adapted, but which, just because it is a "cosmic process," cannot be altered, however much we may alter the conduct which it dictates. Under all conceivable circumstances, the race has to adapt itself to the environment, and that necessarily implies a conflict as well as an alliance. The preservation of the fittest, which is surely a good thing, is merely another aspect of the dying out of the unfit, which is hardly a bad thing. The feast which nature spreads before us, according to Malthus's metaphor, is only sufficient for a limited number of guests, and the one question is how to select them. The use of morality is to humanize the struggle; to minimize the suffering of those who lose the game; and to offer the prizes to the qualities which are advantageous to all rather than to those which serve to intensify the bitterness of the conflict. This implies the growth of foresight, which is an extension of the earlier instinct, and enables men to adapt themselves to the future, and to learn from the past, as well as to act upon the immediate impulse of present events. It implies still more the development of the sympathy which makes every man feel for the sufferings of all, and which, as social organization becomes closer, and the dependence of each constituent atom upon the whole organization is more vividly realized, extends the range of a man's interests beyond his own private needs. In that sense, again, it must stimulate "collectivism" at the expense of a crude individualism, and condemns the doctrine which, as Professor Huxley puts it, would forbid us to restrain the member of a community from doing his best to destroy it. If it be right to restrain such conduct, it is right to carry on the conflict against all anti-social agents or tendencies. I should certainly hold any form of collectivism to be immoral which denied the essential doctrine of the abused individualist, the necessity, that is, for individual responsibility. We have surely to suppress the murderer as our ancestors

suppressed the wolf. We have to suppress both the external enemies, the noxious animals whose existence is incompatible with our own, and the internal enemies which are injurious elements in the society itself. That is, we have to work for the same end of eliminating the least fit. Our methods are changed; we desire to suppress poverty, not to extirpate the poor man. We give inferior races a chance of taking whatever place they are fit for, and try to supplant them with the least possible severity if they are unfit for any place. But the suppression of poverty supposes not the confiscation of wealth, which would hardly suppress poverty in the long run, nor even the adoption of a system of living which would make it easier for the idle and the good-for-nothing to survive. The progress of civilization depends, I should say, on the extension of the sense of duty which each man owes to society at large. That involves a constitution of society which, although we abandon the old methods of hanging, and flogging, and shooting down — methods which corrupted the inflictors of punishment by diminishing their own sense of responsibility — may give an advantage to the prudent and industrious and make it more probable that they will be the ancestors of the next generation. A system which should equalize the advantages of the energetic and the helpless would begin by demoralizing, and would very soon lead to an unprecedented intensification of the struggle for existence. The probable result of a ruthless socialism would be the adoption of very severe means for suppressing those who did not contribute their share of work. But in any case, as it seems, we never get away or break away from the inevitable fact. If individual ends could be suppressed, if every man worked for the good of society as energetically as for his own, we should still feel the absolute necessity of proportioning the whole body to the whole supplies obtainable from the planet, and to preserve the equilibrium of mankind relatively to the rest of nature. That

day is probably distant, but even upon that hypothesis the struggle for existence would still be with us, and there would be the same necessity for preserving the fittest and suppressing, as gently as might be, those who were unfit.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

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AT THE GREEN DRAGON: AN EPISODE.

CHAPTER I.

HIERONYMUS COMES.

IT was a pouring September evening when a stranger knocked at the door of the Crown Inn. Old Mrs. Howells saw that he carried a portmanteau in his hand.

"If it's a bedroom you want," she said, "I can't be bothered with you. What with brewing the beer and cleaning the brass, I've more than I can manage. I'm that tired!"

"And so am I," said the stranger pathetically.

"Go over the way to the Green Dragon," suggested Mrs. Howells. "Mrs. Benbow may be able to put you up. But what with the brewing and the cleaning, I can't do with you."

The stranger stepped across the road to the Green Dragon. He tapped at the door; and a cheery little woman made her appearance. She was carrying what they call in Shropshire a devil of hot beer. It smelt good.

"Good-evening, ma'am," said the stranger. "Can you house me for the night? The hostess of the Crown Inn has turned me away. But you surely will not do the same? You observe what a bad cold I have."

Mrs. Benbow glanced sharply at the stranger. She had not kept the Green Dragon for ten years without learning to judge somewhat of character; and to-night she was particularly on her guard, for her husband had gone to stay for two days with some relative in Shrewsbury, so that Mrs. Benbow and old John of the wooden leg, called *Dot and carry one*, were left as sole

guardians of the little wayside public house.

"It is not very convenient for me to take you in," she said.

"And it would not be very convenient for me to be shut out," he replied. "Besides which, I have had a whiff of that hot beer."

At that moment a voice from the kitchen cried impatiently: "Here, missus! where be that beer of your'n? I be feeling quite faint like!"

"As though he could call out like that if he was faint!" laughed Mrs. Benbow, running off into the kitchen.

When she returned, she found the stranger seated at the foot of the staircase.

"And what do you propose to do for me?" he asked patiently.

There was no mistaking the genial manner. Mrs. Benbow was conquered.

"I propose to fry some eggs and bacon for your supper," she said cheerily. "And then I propose to make your bedroom ready."

"Sensible woman!" he said, as he followed her into the parlor, where a fire was burning brightly. He threw himself into the easy-chair, and immediately experienced that sensation of repose and thankfulness which comes over us when we have found a haven. There he rested, content with himself and his surroundings. The fire lit up his face, and showed him to be a man of about forty years.

There was nothing specially remarkable about him. The face in repose was sad and thoughtful; and yet when he discovered a yellow cat sleeping under the table, he smiled as though some great pleasure had come into his life.

"Come along, little comrade!" he said, as he captured her. She looked up into his face so frankly, that the stranger was much impressed. "Why, I do believe you are a dog undergoing a cat incarnation," he continued. "What qualities did you lack when you were a dog, I wonder? Perhaps you did not steal sufficiently well; perhaps you had not cultivated restfulness. And your name? Your name shall be Gambooge. I think that is a suitable

appellation for you,—certainly more suitable than most of the names thrust upon unoffending humanity. My own name, for instance, Hieronymus! Ah, you may well mew! You are a thoroughly sensible creature.”

So he amused himself until Mrs. Benbow came with his supper. Then he pointed to the cat, and said quietly:

“That is a very companionable dog of yours.”

Mrs. Benbow darted a look of suspicion at the stranger.

“We call that a cat in Shropshire,” she said, beginning to regret that she had agreed to house the stranger.

“Well, no doubt you are partially right,” said the stranger solemnly; “but, at the same time, you are partially wrong. To use the language of the Theosophists —”

Mrs. Benbow interrupted him.

“Eat your supper whilst it is hot,” she said, “then perhaps you’ll feel better. Your cold is rather heavy in your head, isn’t it?”

He laughed good-temperedly, and smiled at her as though to reassure her that he was quite in his right senses; and then, without further discussion, he began to make short work of the fried eggs and bacon. Gamboge, sitting quietly by the fireside, scorned to beg; she preferred to steal. That is a way some people have.

The stranger finished his supper, and lit his pipe. Once or twice he began to doze. The first time he was aroused by Gamboge, who had jumped on to the table, and was seeking what she might devour.

“Ah, Gamboge,” he said sleepily, “I am sorry, I have not left anything appetizing for you. I was so hungry. Pray excuse.”

Then he dozed off again. The second time he was aroused by the sound of singing. He caught the words of the chorus:—

I’ll gaily sing from day to day,
And do the best I can;
If sorrows meet me on the way,
I’ll bear them like a man.

“An excellent resolution,” mur-

mured the stranger, becoming drowsy once more. “Only I wish they’d kept their determinations to themselves.”

The third time he was disturbed by the sound of angry voices. There was some quarrelling going on in the kitchen of the Green Dragon. The voices became louder. There was a clatter of stools and a crash of glasses.

“You’re a pack of lying gipsies!” sang out some one. “You know well you didn’t pay the missus!”

“Go for him! go for him!” was the cry.

Then the parlor door was flung open, and Mrs. Benbow rushed in. “Oh, she cried, “these gipsy men are killing the carpenter!”

Hieronymus Howard rushed into the kitchen, and threw himself into the midst of the contest. Three powerful tramps were kicking a figure prostrate on the ground. One other man, Mr. Greaves, the blacksmith, was trying in vain to defend his comrade. He had no chance against these gipsy fellows, and though he fought like a lion, his strength was, of course, nothing against theirs. Old John of the one leg had been knocked over, and was picking himself up with difficulty. Everything depended on the promptness of the stranger. He was nothing of a warrior, this Hieronymus Howard; he was just a quiet student, who knew how to tussle with Greek roots rather than with English tramps. But he threw himself upon the gipsies, fought hand to hand with them, was blinded with blows, nearly trampled beneath their feet, all but crushed against the wall. Now he thrust them back. Now they pressed on him afresh. Now the blacksmith, with desperate effort, attacked them again. Now the carpenter, bruised and battered, but wild for revenge, dragged himself from the floor, and aimed a blow at the third gipsy’s head. He fell. Then after a short, sharp contest, the two other gipsies were driven to the door, which Mrs. Benbow had opened wide, and were thrust out. The door was bolted safely.

But they had bolted one gipsy in

with them. When they returned to the kitchen, they found him waiting for them. He had recovered himself.

Mrs. Benbow raised a cry of terror. She had thought herself safe in her little castle. The carpenter and the blacksmith were past fighting. Hieronymus Howard gazed placidly at the great tramp.

"I am sorry we had forgotten you," he said courteously. "Perhaps you will oblige us by following your comrades. I will open the door for you. I think we are all rather tired — aren't we? So perhaps you will go at once."

The man gazed sheepishly at him, and then followed him. Hieronymus Howard opened the door.

"Good-evening to you," he said.

And the gipsy passed out without a word.

"Well, now," said Hieronymus, as he drew the bolt, "that is the end of that."

Then he hastened into the parlor. Mrs. Benbow hurried after him, and was just in time to break his fall. He had swooned away.

CHAPTER II.

HIERONYMUS STAYS.

HIERONYMUS HOWARD had only intended to pass one night at the Green Dragon. But his sharp encounter with the gipsies altered his plans. He was battered and bruised and thoroughly shaken, and quite unable to do anything else except rest in the armchair and converse with Gamboge, who had attached herself to him, and evidently appreciated his companionship. His right hand was badly sprained. Mrs. Benbow looked after him most tenderly, bemoaning all the time that he should be in such a plight because of her. There was nothing that she was not willing to do for him; it was a long time since Hieronymus Howard had been so petted and spoilt. Mrs. Benbow treated every one like a young child that needed to be taken care of. The very men who came to drink her famous ale were under her strict motherly authority.

"There now, Mr. Andrew, that's

enough for ye," she would say; "not another glass to-night. No, no, John Curtis; get you gone home. You'll not coax another half-pint out of me."

She was generally obeyed; even Hieronymus Howard, who refused rather peevishly to take a third cup of beef-tea, found himself obliged to comply. When she told him to lie on the sofa, he did so without a murmur. When she told him to get up and take his dinner whilst it was still hot, he obeyed like a well-trained child. She cut his food, and then took the knife away.

"You mustn't try to use your right hand," she said sternly. "Put it back in the sling at once."

Hieronymus obeyed. Her kind tyranny pleased and amused him, and he was not at all sorry to go on staying at the Green Dragon. He was really on his way to visit some friends just on the border between Shropshire and Wales, to form one of a large house-party, consisting of people both interesting and intellectual; qualities, by the way, not necessarily inseparable. But he was just at the time needing quiet of mind, and he promised himself some really peaceful hours in this little Shropshire village, with its hills, some of them bare, and others girt with a belt of trees, and the brook gurgling past the wayside inn. He was tired, and here he would find rest. The only vexatious part was that he had hurt his hand. But for this mishap, he would have been quite content.

He told this to Mr. Benbow, who returned that afternoon, and who expressed his regret at the whole occurrence.

"Oh, I am well satisfied here," said Hieronymus cheerily. "Your little wife is a capital hostess; somewhat of the tyrant, you know. Still, one likes that; until one gets to the fourth cup of beef-tea! And she is an excellent cook, and the Green Dragon is most comfortable. I've nothing to complain of except my hand. That is a nuisance, for I wanted to do some writing. I suppose there is no one here who could write for me."

"Well," said Mr. Benbow, "per-

haps the missus can. She can do most things. She's real clever."

Mrs. Benbow, being consulted on this matter, confessed that she could not do much in that line.

"I used to spell pretty well once," she said brightly; "but the brewing and the scouring and the looking after other things have knocked all that out of me."

"You wrote to me finely when I was away," her husband said. He was a quiet fellow, and proud of his little wife, and he liked people to know how capable she was.

"Ah, but you aren't over-particular, Ben, bless you," she answered, laughing, and running away to her many duties. Then she returned to tell Hieronymus that there was a splendid fire in the kitchen, and that he was to go and sit there.

"I'm busy doing the washing in the back yard," she said. "Ben has gone to look after the sheep. Perhaps you'll give an eye to the door, and serve out the ale. It would help me mighty. I'm rather pressed for time to-day. We shall brew to-morrow, and I must get the washing done this afternoon."

She took it for granted that he would obey, and of course he did. He transferred himself, his pipe, and his book to the front kitchen, and prepared for customers. Hieronymus Howard had once been an ambitious man, but never before had he been seized by such an overwhelming aspiration as now possessed him—to serve out the Green Dragon ale!

"If only some one would come!" he said to himself scores of times.

No one came. Hieronymus becoming impatient, sprang up from his chair and gazed anxiously out of the window, just in time to see three men stroll into the opposite inn.

"Confound them!" he cried; "why don't they come here?"

The next moment, four riders stopped at the rival public house, and old Mrs. Howells hurried out to them, as though to prevent any possibility of them slipping across to the other side of the road.

This was almost more than Hieronymus could bear quietly. He could scarcely refrain from opening the Green Dragon door and advertising in a loud voice the manifold virtues of Mrs. Benbow's ale and spirits. But he recollected in time that even wayside inns have their fixed code of etiquette, and that nothing remained for him but to possess his soul in patience. He was rewarded; in a few minutes a procession of wagons filed slowly past the Green Dragon; he counted ten horses and five men. Would they stop? Hieronymus waited in breathless excitement. Yes, they did stop, and four of the drivers came into the kitchen. "Where is the fifth?" asked Hieronymus sharply, having a keen eye to business.

"He be minding the horses," they answered, looking at him curiously. But they seemed to take it for granted that he was there to serve them, and they leaned back luxuriously in the great oak settle, whilst Hieronymus poured out the beer, and received in exchange some grimy coppers.

After they had gone, the fifth man came to have his share of the refreshment; and then followed a long pause, which seemed like whole centuries to Hieronymus.

"It was during a lengthened period like this," he remarked to himself, as he paced up and down the kitchen,— "yes, it was during infinite time like this that the rugged rocks became wave-worn pebbles!"

Suddenly he heard the sound of a horse's feet.

"It is a rider," he said. "I shall have to go out to him."

He hastened to the door, and saw a young woman on a great white horse. She carried a market-basket on her arm. She wore no riding-habit, but was just dressed in the ordinary way. There was nothing picturesque about her appearance, but Hieronymus thought her face looked interesting. She glanced at him, as though she wondered what he could possibly be doing at the Green Dragon.

"Well, and what may I do for you?"

he asked. He did not quite like to say, "What may I bring for you?" He left her to decide that matter.

"I wanted to see Mrs. Benbow," she said.

"She is busy doing the washing," he answered. "But I will go and tell her, if you will kindly detain any customer who may chance to pass by."

He hurried away, and came back with the answer that Mrs. Benbow would be out in a minute.

"Thank you," the young woman said quietly. Then she added: "You have hurt your arm, I see."

"Yes," he answered; "it is a great nuisance. I cannot write. I have been wondering whether I could get any one to write for me. Do you know of any one?"

"No," she said bitterly; "we don't write here. We make butter and cheese, and we fatten up our poultry, and then we go to market and sell our butter, cheese, and poultry."

"Well," said Hieronymus, "and why shouldn't you?"

He looked up at her, and saw what a discontented expression had come over her young face.

She took no notice of his interruption, but just switched the horse's ears with the end of her whip.

"That is what we do year after year," she continued, "until I suppose we have become so dull that we don't care to do anything else. That is what we have come into the world for: to make butter and cheese, and fatten up our poultry, and go to market."

"Yes," he answered cheerily, "and we all have to do it in some form or other. We all go to market to sell our goods, whether they be brains, or practical common sense (which often, you know, has nothing to do with brains), or butter or poultry. Now I don't know, of course, what you have in your basket; but supposing you have eggs, which you are taking to market. Well, you are precisely in the same condition as the poet who is on his way to a publisher's, carrying a new poem in his breast-pocket. And yet there is a difference."

"Of course there is," she jerked out scornfully.

"Yes, there is a difference," he continued placidly; "it is this: you will return without those eggs, but the poet will come back still carrying his poem in his breast-pocket!"

Then he laughed at his own remark.

"That is how things go in the great world, you know," he said. "Out in the great world there is an odd way of settling matters. Still they must be settled somehow or other."

"Out in the world!" she exclaimed. "That is where I long to go."

"Then why on earth don't you?" he replied.

At that moment Mrs. Benbow came running out.

"I am so sorry to keep you waiting, Miss Hammond," she said to the young girl; "but what with the washing and the making ready for the brewing to-morrow, I don't know where to turn."

Then followed a series of messages to which Hieronymus paid no attention. And then Miss Hammond cracked her whip, waved her greetings with it, and the old white horse trotted away.

"And who is the rider of the horse?" asked Hieronymus.

"Oh, she is Farmer Hammond's daughter," said Mrs. Benbow. "Her name is Joan. She is an odd girl, different from the other girls here. They say she is quite a scholar too. Why, she would be the one to write for you. The very one, of course! I'll call to her."

But by that time the old white horse was out of sight.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRIMARY GLORY.

THE next day at the Green Dragon was a busy one. Mrs. and Mr. Benbow were up betimes, banging casks about in the cellar. When Hieronymus Howard came down to breakfast, he found that they had brought three great barrels into the kitchen, and that one was already half full of some horrible brown liquid, undergoing the process of fermentation. He felt himself much aggrieved that he was unable

to contribute his share of work to the proceedings. It was but little comfort to him that he was again allowed to attend to the customers. The pouring out of the beer had lost its charm for him.

"It is a secondary glory to pour out the beer," he grumbled. "I aspire to the primary glory of helping to make the beer."

Mrs. Benbow was heaping on the coal in the furnace. She turned round and looked at the disconsolate figure.

"There is one thing you might do," she said. "I've not half enough barn. There are two or three places where you might call for some; and between them all, perhaps you'll get enough."

She then mentioned three houses, Farmer Hammond's being amongst the number.

"Very likely the Hammonds would oblige us," she said. "They are neighborly folk. They live at the Malt-House Farm, two miles off. You can't carry the jar, but you can take the perambulator and wheel it back. I've often done that when I had much to carry."

Hieronymus Howard looked doubtfully at the perambulator.

"Very well," he said submissively. "I suppose I shall only look like an ordinary tramp. It seems to be the fashion to tramp on this road!"

It never entered his head to rebel. The great jar was lifted into the perambulator, and Hieronymus wheeled it away, still keeping up his dignity, though under somewhat trying circumstances.

"I rather wish I had not mentioned anything about primary glory," he remarked to himself. "However, I will not faint by the wayside; Mrs. Benbow is a person not lightly to be disobeyed. In this respect she reminds me distinctly of Queen Elizabeth, or Margaret of Anjou, with just a dash of Napoleon Bonaparte!"

So he walked on along the highroad. Two or three tramps passed him, wheeling similar perambulators, some heaped up with rags and old tins and umbrellas, and occasionally a baby;

representing the sum total of their respective possessions in the world. They looked at him with curiosity, but no pleasantry passed their lips. There was nothing to laugh at in Hieronymus's appearance; there was a quiet dignity about him which was never lost on any one. His bearing tallied with his character, the character of a mellowed human being. There was a restfulness about him which had soothed more than one tired person; not the restfulness of stupidity, but the repose only gained by those who have struggled through a great fever to a great calm. His was a clean-shaven face; his hair was iron-grey. There was a kind but firm expression about his mouth, and a suspicion of humor lingering in the corners. His eyes looked at you frankly. There seemed to be no self-consciousness in his manner; long ago, perhaps, he had managed to get away from himself.

He enjoyed the country, and stopped more than once to pick some richly tinted leaf, or some tiny flower nestling in the hedge. He confided all his treasures to the care of the perambulator. It was a beautiful morning, and the sun lit up the hills, which were girt with a belt of many gems; a belt of trees, each rivalling the other in colored luxuriance. Hieronymus sang. Then he turned down a lane to the left and found some nuts. He ate these, and went on his way again, and at last found himself outside a farm of large and important aspect. A man was stacking a hay-rick. Hieronymus watched him keenly.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed; "I wish I could do that. How on earth do you manage it? And did it take you long to learn?"

The man smiled in the usual yokel fashion, and went on with his work. Hieronymus plainly did not interest him.

"Is this the Malt-House Farm?" cried Hieronymus lustily.

"What else should it be?" answered the man.

"These rural characters are inclined to be one-sided," thought Hieronymus,

as he opened the gate and wheeled the perambulator into the pretty garden. "It seems to me that they are almost as narrow-minded as the people who live in cities and pride themselves on their breadth of view. Almost — but on reflection, not quite!"

He knocked at the door of the porch, and a great bustling woman opened it. He explained his mission to her, and pointed to the jar for the barm.

"You would oblige Mrs. Benbow greatly ma'am," he said. "In fact, we cannot get on with our beer unless you come to our assistance."

"Step into the parlor, sir," she said, smiling, "and I'll see how much we've got. I think you are the gentleman who fought the gipsies. You've hurt your arm, I see."

"Yes, a great nuisance," he answered cheerily; "and that reminds me of my other quest. I want some one to write for me an hour or two every day. Mrs. Benbow mentioned your daughter, the young lady who came to us on the white horse yesterday."

He was going to add: "The young lady who wishes to go out into the world;" but he checked himself, guessing by instinct that the young lady and her mother had probably very little in common.

"Perhaps, though," he said, "I take a liberty in making the suggestion. If so, you have only to reprove me, and that is the end of it."

"Oh, I dare say she'd like to write for you," said Mrs. Hammond, "if she can be spared from the butter and the fowls. She likes books and pen and paper. They're things as I don't favor."

"No," said Hieronymus, suddenly filled with an overwhelming sense of his own littleness; "you are occupied with other more useful matters."

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Mrs. Hammond fervently. "Well, if you'll be seated, I'll send Joan to you, and I'll see about the barm."

Hieronymus settled down in an old oak chair, and took a glance at the

comfortable panelled room. There was every appearance of ease about the Malt-House Farm, and yet Farmer Hammond and his wife toiled incessantly from morning to evening, exacting continual labor from their daughter too. There was a good deal of brass-work in the parlor; it was kept spotlessly bright.

In a few minutes Joan came in. She carried the jar.

"I have filled the jar with barm," she said, without any preliminaries. "One of the men can take it back if you like."

"Oh no, thank you," he said cheerily, looking at her with some interest. "It came in the perambulator; it can return in the same conveyance."

She bent over the table, leaning against the jar. She smiled at his words, and the angry look of resentment, which seemed to be her habitual expression, gave way to a more pleasing one. Joan was not good-looking, but her face was decidedly interesting. She was of middle stature, slight but strong; not the typical country girl with rosy cheeks, but pale, though not unhealthy. She was dark of complexion; soft brown hair, over which she seemed to have no control, was done into a confused mass at the back, untidy, but pleasing. Her forehead was not interfered with; you might see it for yourself, and note the great bumps which those rogues of phrenologists delight to finger. She carried her head proudly, and from certain determined little jerks she gave to it, you might judge somewhat of her decided character. She was dressed in a dark gown, and wore an apron of coarse linen. At the most she was nineteen years of age.

Hieronymus just glanced at her, and could not help comparing her with her mother.

"Well," he said pleasantly, "and now, having settled the affairs of the Green Dragon, I proceed to my own. Will you come and be my scribbler for a few days? Or if you wish for a grander title, will you act as my aman-

uenis ? I am sadly in need of a little help. I have found out that you can help me."

"I don't know whether you could read my writing," she said shyly.

"That does not matter in the least," he answered. "I shan't have to read it. Some one else will."

"My spelling is not faultless," she said.

"Also a trifle," he replied. "Spelling, like every other virtue, is a relative thing, depending largely on the character of the individual. Have you any other objection?"

She shook her head, and smiled brightly at him.

"I should like to write for you," she said, "if only I could do it well enough."

"I am sure of that," he answered kindly. "Mrs. Benbow tells me you are a young lady who does good work. I admire that beyond everything. You fatten up the poultry well, you make butter and pastry well—shouldn't I just like to taste it! And I am sure you have cleaned this brass-work."

"Yes," she said, "when I'm tired of every one and everything, I go and rub up the brasses until they are spotless. When I am utterly weary of the whole concern, and just burning to get away from this stupid little village, I polish the candlesticks and handles until my arms are worn out. I had a good turn at it yesterday."

"Was yesterday a bad day with you then?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "When I was riding the old white horse yesterday, I just felt that I could go on riding, riding forever. But she is such a slow coach. She won't go quickly!"

"No, I should think you could walk more quickly," said Hieronymus. "Your legs would take you out into the world more swiftly than that old white horse. And being clear of this little village, and being out in the great world, what do you want to do?"

"To learn!" she cried; "to learn to know something about life, and to get to have other interests; something

great and big, something worth wearing one's strength away for." Then she stopped suddenly. "What a goose I am!" she said, turning away half ashamed.

"Something great and big," he repeated. "Cynics would tell you that you have a weary quest before you. But I think it is very easy to find something great and big. Only, it all depends on the strength of your telescope. You must order the best kind, and unfortunately one can't afford the best kind when one is very young. You have to pay for your telescope, not with money, but with years. But when at last it comes into your possession—ah, how it alters the look of things."

He paused a moment, as though lost in thought; and then, with the brightness so characteristic of him, he added:

"Well, I must be going home to my humble duties at the Green Dragon, and you, no doubt, have to return to your task of feeding up the poultry for the market. When is market-day at Church Stretton?"

"On Friday," she answered.

"That is the day I have to send off some of my writing," he said; "my market-day, also, you see."

"Are you a poet?" she asked timidly.

"No," he answered, smiling at her; "I am that poor creature, an historian; one of those restless persons who furrudge amongst the annals of the past."

"Oh," she said enthusiastically, "I have always cared more about history than anything else!"

"Well, then, if you come to-morrow to the Green Dragon at eleven o'clock," he said kindly, "you will have the privilege of writing history instead of reading it. And now I suppose I must hasten back to the tyranny of Queen Elizabeth. Can you lift that jar into the perambulator? You see I can't."

She hoisted it into the perambulator, and then stood at the gate, watching him as he pushed it patiently over the rough road.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAKING OF THE PASTRY.

THAT same afternoon Mrs. Hammond put on her best things and drove in the dog-cart to Minton, where Auntie Lloyd of the Tan-House Farm was giving a tea-party. Joan had refused to go. She had a profound contempt for these social gatherings, and Auntie Lloyd and she had no great love, the one for the other. Auntie Lloyd, who was regarded as the oracle of the family, summed Joan up in a few sentences:—

"She's a wayward creature, with all her fads about books and book learning. I've no patience with her. Fowls and butter and such things have been good enough for us; why does she want to meddle with things which don't concern her? She's clever at her work, and diligent too. If it weren't for that, there'd be no abiding her."

Joan summed Auntie Lloyd up in a few words.

"Oh, she's Auntie Lloyd," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

So when her mother urged her to go to Minton to this tea-party, which was to be something quite special, Joan said:—

"No, I don't care about going. Auntie Lloyd worries me to death. And what with her, and the rum in the tea, and those horrid crumpets, I'd far rather stay at home, and make pastry and read a book."

So she stayed. There was plenty of pastry in the larder, and there seemed no particular reason why she should add to the store. But she evidently thought differently about the matter, for she went into the kitchen, and rolled up her sleeves, and began her work.

"I hope this will be the best pastry I have ever made," she said to herself, as she prepared several jam-puffs and an open tart. "I should like him to taste my pastry. An historian. I wonder what we shall write about to-morrow."

She put the pastry into the oven, and sat lazily in the ingle, nursing her knees, and musing. She was thinking

the whole time of Hieronymus, of his kind and genial manner, and his face with the iron-grey hair; she would remember him always, even if she never saw him again. Once or twice it crossed her mind that she had been foolish to speak so impatiently to him of her village life. He would just think her a silly, discontented girl, and nothing more. And yet it had seemed so natural to talk to him in that strain; she knew by instinct that he would understand, and he was the first she had ever met who would be likely to understand. The others—her father, her mother, David Ellis the exciseman, who was supposed to be fond of her, these and others in the neighborhood—what did they care about her desire to improve her mind, and widen out her life, and multiply her interests? She had been waiting for months, almost for years indeed, to speak openly to some one; she could not have let the chance go by, now that it had come to her.

The puffs meanwhile were forgotten. When at last she recollected them, she hastened to their rescue, and found she was only just in time. Two were burnt; she placed the others in a dish, and threw the damaged ones on the table. As she did so, the kitchen door opened, and the exciseman came in, and seeing the pastry, he exclaimed:—

"Oh, Joan, making pastry! Then I'll test it!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," she said, half angrily, as she put her hands over the dish. "I won't have it touched. You can eat the burnt ones if you like."

"Not I," he answered. "I want the best. Why, Joan, what's the matter with you? You're downright cross to-day."

"I'm no different from usual," she said.

"Yes, you are," he said; "and, what's more, you grow different every week."

"I grow more tired of this horrid little village and of every one in it, if that's what you mean," she answered.

He had thrown his whip on the chair, and stood facing her. He was a prosperous man, much respected, and much liked for many miles round Little Stretton. It was an open secret that he loved Joan Hammond, the only question in the village being whether Joan would have him when the time came for him to propose to her. No girl in her senses would have been likely to refuse the exciseman; but then Joan was not in her senses, so that anything might be expected of her. At least, such was the verdict of Auntie Lloyd, who regarded her niece with the strictest disapproval. Joan had always been more friendly with David than with any one else; and it was no doubt this friendliness, remarkable in one who kept habitually apart from others, which had encouraged David to go on hoping to win her, not by persuasion but by patience. He loved her, indeed he had always loved her; and in the old days, when he was a schoolboy and she was a little baby child, he had left his companions to go and play with his tiny girl-friend up at the Malt-House Farm. He had no sister of his own, and he liked to nurse and pet the querulous little creature who was always quiet in his arms. He could soothe her when no one else had any influence. But the years had come and gone, and they had grown apart; not he from her, but she from him. And now he stood in the kitchen of the old farm, reading in her very manner the answer to the question which he had not yet asked her. That question was always on his lips; how many times had he not said it aloud when he rode his horse over the country? But Joan was forbidding of late months, and especially of late weeks, and the exciseman had always told himself sadly that the right moment had not yet come. And to-day, also, it was not the right moment. A great sorrow seized him, for he longed to tell her that he loved and understood her, and that he was yearning to make her happy. She should have books of her own; books, books, books; he had already bought a few volumes to form

the beginning of her library. They were not well chosen, perhaps, but there they were, locked up in his private drawer. He was not learned, but he would learn for her sake. All this flashed through his mind as he stood before her. He looked at her face, and could not trace one single expression of kindness or encouragement.

"Then I must go on waiting," he thought, and he stooped and picked up his whip.

"Good-bye, Joan," he said quietly.

The kitchen door swung on its hinges, and Joan was once more alone.

"An historian," she said to herself, as she took away the rolling-pin, and put the pastry into the larder. "I wonder what we shall write about to-morrow."

CHAPTER V.

PASTRY AND PERSONAL MONARCHY.

JOAN sat in the parlor of the Green Dragon, waiting until Hieronymus had finished eating a third jam-puff, and could pronounce himself ready to begin dictating. A few papers were scattered about on the table, and Gamboge was curled up on the hearth rug. Joan was radiant with pleasure, for this was her nearest approach to intellectuality; a new world had opened to her as though by magic. And she was radiant with another kind of pleasure; this was only the third time she had seen the historian, and each time she was the happier. It was at first a little shock to her sense of intellectual propriety that the scholar yonder could condescend to so trivial a matter as pastry; but then Hieronymus had his own way about him, which carried conviction in the end.

"Well," he said cheerily, "I think I am ready to begin. Dear me! What excellent pastry!"

Joan smiled, and dipped her pen in the ink.

"And to think that David nearly ate it," she said to herself. And that was about the first time she had thought of him since yesterday.

Then the historian began. His language was simple and dignified, like

the man himself. His subject was "An Introduction to the Personal Monarchy, which began with the Reign of Henry VIII." Everything he said was crystal-clear. Moreover, he had that rare gift, the power of condensing and of suggesting too. He was nothing if not an impressionist. Joan had no difficulty in keeping pace with him, for he dictated slowly. After nearly two hours, he left off, and gave a great sigh of relief.

"There now," he said, "that's enough for to-day." And he seemed just like a schoolboy released from lessons.

"Come, come," he added, as he looked over the manuscript. "I shall be quite proud to send that in to the printer. You would make a capital little secretary. You are so quiet, and you don't scratch with your pen; qualities which are only too rare. Well, we shall be able to go on with this work, if you can spare the time and will oblige me. And we must make some arrangement about money matters."

"As for that," said Joan hastily, "it's such a change from the never-ending fowls and that everlasting butter."

"Of course it is," said Hieronymus, as he took his pipe from the mantelshelf. "But all the same, we will be business-like. Besides, consider the advantage: you will be earning a little money with which you can either buy books to read, or fowls to fatten up. You can take your choice, you know."

"I should choose the books," she said quite fiercely.

"How spiteful you are about those fowls," he said.

"So would you be, if you had been looking after them all your life," Joan answered, still more fiercely.

"There is no doubt about you being a volcanic young lady," Hieronymus remarked thoughtfully. "But I understand. I was also a volcano once; I am now extinct. You will be extinct after a few years, and you will be so thankful for the repose. But one has to go through a great many eruptions as preliminaries to peace."

"Any kind of experience is better than none at all," Joan said, more gently this time. "You can't think how I dread a life in which nothing happens. I want to have my days crammed full of interests and events. Then I shall learn something; but here — what can one learn? You should just see Auntie Lloyd, and be with her for a quarter of an hour. When you've seen her, you've seen the whole neighborhood. Oh, how I dislike her!"

Her tone of voice expressed so heartily her feelings about Auntie Lloyd, that Hieronymus laughed, and Joan laughed too.

She had put on her bonnet, and stood ready to go home. The historian stroked Gamboge, put away his papers, and expressed himself inclined to accompany Joan part of the way.

He ran into the kitchen to tell Mrs. Benbow that he would not be long gone.

"Dinner won't be ready for quite an hour," she said, "as the butcher came so late. But here is a cup of beef-tea for you. You look rather tired."

"I've had such a lot of pastry," Hieronymus pleaded, and he turned to Mr. Benbow, who had just come into the kitchen followed by his faithful collie. "I don't feel as though I *could* manage the beef-tea."

"It's no use kicking against the traces," said Mr. Benbow, laughing. "I've found that out long ago. Sarah is a tyrant."

But it was evidently a tyranny which suited him very well, for there seemed to be a kind of settled happiness between the host and hostess of the Green Dragon. Some such thought passed through Hieronymus's mind as he gulped down the beef-tea, and then started off happily with Joan.

"I like both the Benbows," he said to her. "And it is very soothing to be with people who are happy together. I'm cosily housed there, and not at all sorry to have had my plans altered by the gipsies; especially now that I can go on with my work so comfortably. My friends in Wales may wait for me as long as they choose."

Joan would have wished to tell him how glad she was that he was going to stay. But she just smiled happily. He was so bright himself, that it was impossible not to be happy in his company.

"I'm so pleased I have done some dictating to-day," he said, as he plucked an autumn leaf and put it into his buttonhole. "And now I can enjoy myself all the more. You cannot think how I do enjoy the country. These hills are so wonderfully soothing. I never remember being in a place where the hills have given me such a sense of repose as here. Those words constantly recur to me : —

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
(Though on its slopes men sow and reap.)
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His Beloved sleep.

It's all so true, you know, and yonder are the slopes cultivated by men. I am always thinking of these words here. They match with the hills and they match with my feelings."

"I have never thought about the hills in that way," she said.

"No," he answered kindly, "because you are not tired yet. But when you are tired, not with imaginary batlings, but with the real campaigns of life, then you will think about the dews falling softly on the hills."

"Are you tired, then?" she asked.

"I have been very tired," he answered simply.

They walked on in silence for a few minutes, and then he added: "You wished for knowledge, and here you are surrounded by opportunities for attaining to it."

"I have never found Auntie Lloyd a specially interesting subject for study," Joan said obstinately.

Hieronimus smiled.

"I was not thinking of Auntie Lloyd," he said. "I was thinking of all these beautiful hedges, these lanes with their countless treasures, and this stream with its bed of stones, and those hills yonder; all of them eloquent with the

wonder of the earth's history. You are literally surrounded with the means of making your minds beautiful, you country people. And why don't you do it?"

Joan listened. This was new language to her.

Hieronimus continued : —

"The sciences are here for you. They offer themselves to you, without stint, without measure. Nature opens her book to you. Have you ever tried to read it? From the things which fret and worry our souls, from the people who worry and fret us, from ourselves who worry and fret ourselves, we can at least turn to nature. There we find our right place, a resting-place of intense repose. There we lose that troublesome part of ourselves, our own sense of importance. Then we rest, and not until then."

"Why should you speak to me of rest?" the girl cried, her fund of patience and control coming suddenly to an end. "I don't want to rest. I want to live a full, rich life, crammed with interests. I want to learn about life itself, not about things. It is so absurd to talk to me of rest. You've had your time of unrest, — you said so. I don't care about peace and repose! I don't —"

She left off as suddenly as she had begun, fearing to seem too ill-mannered.

"Of course you don't," he said gently, "and I'm a goose to think you should. No, you will have to go out into the world, and to learn for yourself that it is just the same there as everywhere: butter and cheese making, prize-winning, and prize-losing, and very little satisfaction either over the winning or the losing; and a great many Auntie Lloyds, probably a good deal more trying than the Little Stretton Auntie Lloyd. Only, if I were you, I should not talk about it any more. I should just go. Saddle the white horse and go! Get your experiences, thick and quick. Then you will be glad to rest."

"Are you making fun of me?" she asked, half suspiciously, for he had

previously joked about the slow pace of the white horse.

"No," he answered, in his kind way; "why should I make fun of you? We cannot all be content to go on living a quiet life in a little village."

At that moment the exciseman passed by them on horseback. He raised his hat to Joan, and looked with some curiosity at Hieronymus. Joan colored. She remembered that she had not behaved kindly to him yesterday; and after all, he was David, David who had always been good to her, ever since she could remember.

"Who was that?" asked Hieronymus. "What a trim, nice-looking man!"

"He is David Ellis, the exciseman," Joan said half reluctantly.

"I wonder when he is going to test the beer at the Green Dragon," said the historian anxiously. "I wouldn't miss that for anything. Will you ask him?"

Joan hesitated. Then she hastened on a few steps, and called "David!"

David turned in his saddle, and brought his horse to a standstill. He wondered what Joan could have to say to him.

"When are you going to test the beer at the Green Dragon?" she asked.

"Some time this afternoon," he answered. "Why do you want to know?"

"The gentleman who is staying at the inn wants to know," Joan said.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" David asked quietly.

"No," said Joan, looking up at him. "There is something more; about that pastry —"

But just then Hieronymus had joined them.

"If you're talking about pastry," he said cheerily, "I never tasted any better than Miss Hammond's. I ate a dishful this morning!"

The exciseman looked at Joan, and at the historian.

"Yes," he said, as he cracked his whip, "it tastes good to those who can get it, and it tastes bad to those who can't get it."

And with that he galloped away, leaving Joan confused, and Hieronymus mystified. He glanced at his companion, and seemed to expect that she would explain the situation; but as she did not attempt to do so, he walked quietly along with her until they came to the short cut which led back to the Green Dragon. There he parted from her, making an arrangement that she should come and write for him on the morrow. But as he strolled home, he said to himself, "I am much afraid that I have been eating some one else's pastry! Well, it was very good, especially the jam-puffs!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXCISEMAN'S LIBRARY.

DAVID ELLIS did not feel genially disposed towards the historian; and yet when he stood in the kitchen of the Green Dragon, testing the new brew, and saw Hieronymus eagerly watching the process, he could not but be amused. There was something about Hieronymus which was altogether irresistible. He had a power, quite unconscious to himself, of drawing people over to his side. And yet he never tried to win; he was just himself, nothing more and nothing less.

"I am not wishing to pry into the secrets of the profession," he said to David Ellis; "but I do like to see how everything is done."

The exciseman good-naturedly taught him how to test the strength of the beer, and Hieronymus was as pleased as though he had learnt some great secret of the universe, or unearthed some long-forgotten fact in history.

"Are you sure the beer comes up to its usual standard?" he asked mischievously, turning to Mrs. Benbow at the same time. "Are you sure it has nothing of the beef-tea element about it? We drink beef-tea by the quart in this establishment. I'm allowed nothing else!"

David laughed, and said it was the best beer in the neighborhood; and with that he left the kitchen and went into the ale-room, to exchange a few words with Mr. Howells, the proprietor

of the rival inn, who always came to the Green Dragon to have his few glasses of beer in peace, free from the stormy remonstrances of his wife. Every one in Little Stretton knew his secret, and respected it. Hieronymus returned to his parlor, where he was supposed to be deep in study.

After a few minutes, some one knocked at the door, and David Ellis came in.

"Excuse me troubling you," he said, rather nervously, "but there is a little matter I wanted to ask you about."

"It's about that confounded pastry!" thought Hieronymus, as he drew a chair to the fireside, and welcomed the exciseman to it.

David sank down into it, twisted his whip, and looked now at Hieronymus and now at the books which lay scattered on the table. He evidently wished to say something, but he did not know how to begin.

"I know what you want to say," said Hieronymus.

"No, you don't," answered the exciseman. "No one knows except myself."

Hieronymus retreated, crushed, but rather relieved too.

Then David, gaining courage, continued:—

"Books are in your line, aren't they?"

"It just does happen to be my work to know a little about them," the historian answered. "Are you interested in them too?"

"Well," said David, hesitating, "I can't say I read them, but I buy them."

"Most people do that," said Hieronymus; "it takes less time to buy than to read, and we are pressed for time in this century."

"You see," said the exciseman, "I don't buy the books for myself, and it's rather awkward knowing what to get. Now what would you get for a person who was really fond of reading; something of a scholar, you understand? That would help me for my next lot."

"It all depends on the taste of the person," Hieronymus said kindly.

"Some like poetry, some like novels; others like books about the moon, and others like books about the North Pole, or the Tropics."

David did not know much about the North Pole or the Tropics, but he had certainly bought several volumes of poetry, and Hieronymus's words gave him courage.

"I bought several books of poetry," he said, lifting his head up with a kind of triumph which was unmistakable.

"Cowper, Mrs. Hemans——"

"Yes," said Hieronymus patiently.

"And the other day I bought Milton," continued the exciseman.

"Ah," said the historian, with a faint smile of cheerfulness. He had never been able to care for Milton (though he never owned it).

"And now I thought of buying this," said David, taking from his pocket-book a small slip of paper, and showing it to his companion.

Hieronymus read: "Selections from Robert Browning."

"Come, come!" he said cheerily, "this is a good choice!"

"It is not my choice," said David simply. "I don't know one fellow from the other. But the man at the shop in Ludlow told me it was a book to have. If you say so too, of course that settles the matter."

"Well," said Hieronymus, "and what about the other books?"

"I tell you what," said David suddenly, "if you'd come to my lodgings one day, you could look at the books I've got, and advise me about others. That would be the shortest and pleasantest way."

"By all means," said the historian. "Then you have not yet given away your gifts?"

"Not yet," said David quietly, "I am waiting awhile."

And then he relapsed into silence and timidity, and went on twisting his whip.

Hieronymus was interested, but he had too much delicate feeling to push the inquiry, and not having a mathematical mind, he was quite unable to put two and two together without help

from another source. So he just went on smoking his pipe, wondering all the time what possible reason his companion could have for collecting together a library beginning with Mrs. Hemans.

After a remark about the weather and the crops — Hieronymus was becoming quite agricultural — David rose in an undecided kind of manner, expressed his thanks, and took his leave, but there was evidently something more he wanted to say, and yet he went away without saying it.

"I'm sure he wants to speak about that pastry," thought Hieronymus. "Confound him! Why doesn't he?"

The next moment the door opened, and David put his head in.

"There's something else I wanted to say," he stammered out. "The fact is, I don't tell anybody about the books I buy. It's my own affair, and I like to keep it to myself. But I'm sure I can trust you."

"I should just think you could," Hieronymus answered cheerily.

So he promised secrecy, and then followed the exciseman to the door, and watched him mount his horse and ride off. Mr. Benbow was coming in at the time, and Hieronymus said some few pleasant words about David Ellis.

"He's the nicest man in these parts," Mr. Benbow said warmly. "We all like him. Joan Hammond will be a lucky girl if she gets him for a husband."

"Is he fond of her, then?" asked Hieronymus.

"He has always been fond of her since I can remember," Mr. Benbow answered.

Then Hieronymus, having received this valuable assistance, proceeded carefully to put two and two together.

"Now I know for whom the exciseman intends his library!" he said to himself triumphantly.

CHAPTER VII.

AUNTIE LLOYD PROTESTS.

AUNTIE LLOYD was a material, highly prosperous individual, utterly bereft of all ideas except one; though, to be sure, the one idea which she did

possess was of overwhelming bulk, being, indeed, the sense of her own superiority over all people of all countries and all centuries. This was manifest not only in the way she spoke, but also in the way she folded her hands together on the buckle of her waist-belt, as though she were murmuring: "Thank heaven, I am Auntie Lloyd, and no one else!" All her relations, and indeed all her neighbors, bowed down to her authority; it was recognized by every one that the mistress of the Tan-House Farm was a personage who must not be disobeyed in the smallest particular. There had been one rebel in the camp for many years now: Joan. She alone had dared to raise the standard of revolt. At first she had lifted it only an inch high; but strength and courage had come with years, and now the standard floated triumphantly in the air. And to-day it reached its full height, for Auntie Lloyd had driven over to the Malt-House Farm to protest with her niece about this dictation, and Joan, though she did not use the exact words, had plainly told her to mind her own business.

Auntie Lloyd had been considerably "worked up" ever since she had heard the news that Joan went to write for a gentleman at the Green Dragon. Then she heard that Joan not only wrote for him, but was also seen walking about with him; for it was not at all likely that an episode of this description would pass without comment in Little Stretton; and Auntie Lloyd was not the only person who remarked and criticised. A bad attack of sciatica had kept her from interfering at the outset; but as soon as she was even tolerably well, she made a descent upon the Malt-House Farm, having armed herself with the most awe-inspiring bonnet and mantle which her wardrobe could supply. But Joan was proof against such terrors. She listened to all Auntie Lloyd had to say, and merely remarked that she did not consider it was any one's affair but her own. That was the most overwhelming statement that had ever been made to Auntie Lloyd. No wonder that she felt faint.

"It is distinctly a family affair," she said angrily. "If you're not careful, you'll lose the chance of David Ellis. You can't expect him to be dangling about your heels all his life. He will soon be tired of waiting for your pleasure. Do you suppose that he, too, does not know you are amusing yourself with this new-comer?"

Joan was pouring out tea at the time, and her hand trembled as she filled the cup.

"I won't have David Ellis thrust down my throat by you or by any one," she said determinedly.

And with that she looked at her watch, and calmly said that it was time for her to be off to the Green Dragon, Mr. Howard having asked her to go in the afternoon instead of the morning. But though she left Auntie Lloyd quelled and paralyzed, and was conscious that she had herself won the battle once and for all, she was very much irritated and distressed too. Hieronymus noticed that something was wrong with her.

"What is the matter?" he asked kindly. "Has Auntie Lloyd been paying a visit to the Malt-House Farm, and exasperated you beyond all powers of endurance? Or was the butter-making a failure? Or is it the same old story?—general detestation of every one and everything in Little Stretton, together with an inward determination to massacre the whole village at the earliest opportunity?"

Joan smiled, and looked up at the kind face which always had such a restful influence on her.

"I suppose that is the root of the whole matter," she said.

"I am sorry for you," he said gently, as he turned to his papers; "but I think you are not quite wise to let your discontent grow beyond your control. Most people, you know, when their lives are analyzed, are found to have but sorry material out of which to fashion for themselves satisfaction and contentment."

Her face flushed as he spoke, and a great peace fell over her. When she was with him, all was well with her;

the irritations at home, the annoyances either within or without, either real or imaginary, and indeed all worries, passed for the time out of her memory. David Ellis was forgotten, Auntie Lloyd was forgotten; the narrow, dull, every-day existence broadened out into many interesting possibilities. Life had something bright to offer to Joan. She bent happily over the pages, thoroughly enjoying her congenial task; and now and again during the long pauses of silence, when Hieronymus was thinking out his subject, she glanced at his kind face and his silvered head.

And restless little Joan was restful.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DISTANCE GROWS.

So the days slipped away, and Joan came regularly to the Green Dragon, to write to the historian's dictation. These mornings were red-letter days in her life; she had never before had anything which she could have called companionship, and now this best of all pleasures was suddenly granted to her. She knew well that it could not last; that very soon the historian would go back into his own world, and that she would be left lonely, lonelier than ever. But meanwhile she was happy. She always felt after having been with him as though some sort of peace had stolen over her. It did not hold her long, this sense of peace. It was merely that quieting influence which a mellowed nature exercises at rare moments over an unmellowed nature, being indeed a snatch of that wonderful restfulness which has something divine in its essence. She did not analyze her feelings for him, she dared not. She just drifted on, dreaming. And she was grateful to him too, for she had unburdened her heavy heart to him, and he had not laughed at her aspirations and ambitions. He had certainly made a little fun over her, but not in the way which conveyed contempt; on the contrary, his manner of teasing gave the impression of the kindest sympathy. He had spoken sensible words of advice to her too; not in any formal set

lecture — that would have been impossible to him — but in detached sentences given out at different times, with words simple in themselves, but able to suggest many good and noble thoughts. At least, that was what Joan gathered, that was her judgment of him, that was the effect he produced on her.

Then he was not miserly of his learning. He was not one of those scholars who keep their wisdom for their narrow and appreciative little set; he gave of his best to every one with royal generosity, and he gave of his best to her. He saw that she was really interested in history, and that it pleased her to hear him talk about it. Out then came his stores of knowledge, all for her special service! But that was only half of the process; he taught her by finding out from her what she knew, and then returning her knowledge to her twofold enriched. She was eager to learn, and he was interested in her eagerness. It was his nature to be kind and chivalrous to every one, and he was therefore kind and chivalrous to his little secretary. He saw her constantly in "school hours," as he called the time spent in dictating, and out of school hours too. He took such an interest in all matters connected with the village, that he was to be found everywhere, now gravely contemplating the cows and comparing them with Mr. Benbow's herd, now strolling through the market-place, and now passing stern criticisms on the butter and poultry, of which he knew nothing. Once he even tried to sell Joan Hammond's butter to Mrs. Benbow.

"I assure you, ma'am," he said to the landlady of the Green Dragon, "the very best cooking butter in the kingdom! Taste and see."

"But it *isn't* cooking butter!" interposed Joan hastily.

But she laughed all the same, and Hieronymus, much humbled by his mistake, made no more attempts to sell butter.

He seemed thoroughly contented with his life at Little Stretton, and in no hurry to join his friends in Wales. He was so genial that every one liked

him and spoke kindly of him. If he was driving in the pony carriage and saw any children trudging home after school, he would find room for four or five of them and take them back to the village in triumph. If he met an old woman carrying a bundle of wood, he immediately transferred the load from herself to himself, and walked along by her side, chatting merrily the while. As for the tramps who passed on the highroad from Ludlow to Church Stretton, they found in him a sympathetic friend. His hand was always in his pocket for them. He listened to their tales of woe, and stroked the "property" baby in the perambulator, and absolutely refused to be brought to order by Mrs. Benbow, who declared that she knew more about tramps than he did, and that the best thing to do with them was to send them about their business as soon as possible.

"You will ruin the reputation of the Green Dragon," she said, "if you go on entertaining tramps outside. Take your friends over to the other inn!"

She thought that this would be a strong argument, as Hieronymus was particularly proud of the Green Dragon, having discovered that it was patronized by the aristocrats of the village, and considered infinitely superior to its rival, the Crown Inn opposite.

But the historian, so yielding in other respects, continued his intimacies with the tramps, sometimes even leaving his work if he chanced to see an interesting-looking wanderer slouching past the Green Dragon. Joan had become accustomed to these interruptions. She just sat waiting patiently until Hieronymus came back, and plunged once more into the "History of the Dissolution of the Monasteries," or the "Attitude of the Foreign Powers to each other during the latter years of Henry VIII."

"I'm a troublesome fellow," he would say to her sometimes, "and you are very patient with me. In fact, you're a regular little brick of a secretary."

Then she would flush with pleasure to hear his words of praise. But he

never noticed that, and never thought he was leading her further and further away from her surroundings and ties, and putting great distances between herself and the exciseman.

So little did he guess it, that one day he even ventured to joke with her. He had been talking to her about John Richard Green, the historian, and he asked her whether she had read "A Short History of the English People." She told him she had never read it.

"Oh, you ought to have that book," he said; and he immediately thought that he would buy it for her. Then he remembered the exciseman's library, and judged that it would be better to let him buy it for her.

"I hear you have a very devoted admirer in the exciseman," Hieronymus said slyly.

"How do you know that?" Joan said sharply.

"Oh," he answered, "I was told." But he saw that his volcanic little companion was not too pleased; and so he retraced his words and began talking again of John Richard Green. He told her about the man himself, his work, his suffering, his personality. He told her how the young men at Oxford were advised to travel on the Continent to expand their minds, and if they could not afford this advantage after their university career, then they were to read *John Richard Green*. He told her, too, of his grave at Mentone, with the simple words, "He died learning."

Thus he would talk to her, taking her always into a new world of interest. Then she was in an enchanted kingdom, and he was the magician.

It was a world in which agriculture and dairy farming and all the other wearinesses of her every-day life had no part. Some people might think it was but a poor enchanted realm which he conjured up for her pleasure. But enchantment, like every other emotion, is but relative after all. Some little fragment of intellectuality had long been Joan's idea of enchantment. And now it had come to her in a way altogether unexpected, and in a measure

beyond all her calculations. It had come to her, bringing with it something else.

She seemed in a dream during all that time; yes, she was slipping further away from her own people, and further away from the exciseman. She had never been very near to him, but lately the distance had become doubled. When she chanced to meet him, her manner was more than ordinarily cold. If he had chosen to plead for himself, he might well have asked what he had done to her that he should deserve to be treated with such bare unfriendliness.

One day he met her. She was riding the great white horse, and David rode along beside her. She chatted with him now and again, but there were long pauses of silence between them.

"Father has made up his mind to sell old Nance," she said suddenly, as she stroked the old mare's head. "This is my last ride on her."

"I am sorry," said David kindly. "She's an old friend, isn't she?"

"I suppose it is ridiculous to care so much," Joan said; "but you know we've had her such a time. And I used to hang round her neck, and she would lift me up and swing me."

"I remember," said David eagerly. "I've often watched you. I was always afraid you would have a bad fall."

"You ran up and caught me once," Joan said. "And I was so angry; for it wasn't likely that old Nance would have let me fall."

"But how could I be sure that the little arms were strong enough to cling firmly to old Nance's neck?" David said. "So I couldn't help being anxious."

"Do you remember when I was lost in that mist," Joan said, "and you came and found me, and carried me home? I was so angry that you would not let me walk."

"You have often been angry with me," David said quietly.

Joan made no answer. She just shrugged her shoulders.

There they were, these two, riding

side by side, and yet they were miles apart from each other. David knew it, and grieved.

CHAPTER IX.

DAVID LAMENTS.

DAVID knew it, and grieved. He knew that Joan's indifference was growing apace, and that it had taken to itself alarming proportions ever since the historian had been at the Green Dragon. He had constantly met Joan and Hieronymus together, and heard of them being together, and of course he knew that Joan wrote to the historian's dictation. He never spoke on the subject to any one. Once or twice Auntie Lloyd tried to begin, but he looked straight before him and appeared not to understand. Once or twice some other of the folk made mention of the good-fellowship which existed between Joan and the historian.

"Well, it's natural enough," he said quietly. "Joan was always fond of books, and one feels glad she can talk about them with some one who is real clever."

But was he glad? Poor David! Time after time he looked at his little collection of books, handling the volumes just as tenderly as one handles one's memories, or one's hopes, or one's old affections. He had not added to the library since he had spoken to Hieronymus and asked his advice on the choice of suitable subjects. He had no heart to go on with a hobby which seemed to have no comfort in it.

To-night he sat in his little sitting-room smoking his pipe. He looked at his books as usual, and then locked them up in his oak chest. He sat thinking of Joan and Hieronymus. There was no bitterness in David's heart; there was only sorrow. He shared with others a strong admiration for Hieronymus, an admiration which the historian never failed to win, though it was often quite unconsciously given, and always quite unconsciously received. So there was only sorrow in David's heart, and no bitterness.

The clock was striking seven of the

evening, when some one knocked at the door, and Hieronymus came into the room. He was in a particularly genial mood, and puffed his pipe in great contentment. He settled down by the fire-side as though he had been there all his life, and chatted away so cheerily that David forgot his own melancholy in his pleasure at having such a bright companion. A bottle of whiskey was produced, and the cosiness was complete.

"Now for the books!" said Hieronymus. "I am quite anxious to see your collection. And look here; I have made a list of suitable books which any one would like to have. Now show me what you have already bought."

David's misery returned all in a rush, and he hesitated.

"I don't think I care about the books now," he said.

"What nonsense!" said Hieronymus. "You're not shy about showing them to me? I am sure you have bought some capital good ones."

"Oh, it wasn't that," David said quietly, as he unlocked the oak chest, and took out the precious volumes, and laid them on the table. In spite of himself, however, some of the old eagerness came over him, and he stood by, waiting anxiously for the historian's approval. Hieronymus groaned over Mrs. Hemans's poetry, and Locke's "Human Understanding," and Defoe's "History of the Plague," and Cowper, and Hannah More. He groaned inwardly, but outwardly he gave grunts of encouragement. He patted him on the shoulder when he found "Selections from Browning," and he almost caressed him when he proudly produced "Silas Marner."

Yes, David was proud of his treasures; each one of them represented to him a whole world of love and hope and consolation.

Hieronymus knew for whom the books were intended, and he was touched by the exciseman's quiet devotion and pride. He would not have hurt David's feelings on any account; he would have praised the books, how-

ever unsuitable they might have seemed to him.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you've done capitally by yourself. You've chosen some excellent books. Still, this list may help you to go on, and I should advise you to begin with Green's 'History of the English People.'"

David put the volumes back into the oak chest.

"I don't think I care about buying any more," he said sadly. "It's no use."

"Why?" asked Hieronymus.

David looked at the historian's frank face, and felt the same confidence in him which all felt. He looked, and knew that his man was loyal and good.

"Well, it's just this," David said quite simply. "I've loved her ever since she was a baby-child. She was my own little sweetheart then. I took care of her when she was a wee thing, and I wanted to look after her when she was a grown woman. It has just been the hope of my life to make Joan my wife."

He paused a moment, and looked straight into the fire.

"I know she is different from others, and cleverer than any of us here, and all that. I know she is always longing to get away from Little Stretton. But I thought that perhaps we might be happy together, and that then she would not want to go. But I've never been quite sure. I've just watched and waited. I've loved her all her life. When she was a wee baby I carried her about, and knew how to stop her crying. She has always been kinder to me than to any one else. It was perhaps that which helped me to be patient. At least, I knew she did not care for any one else. It was just that she didn't seem to turn to any one."

He had moved away from Hieronymus, and stood knocking out the ashes from his pipe.

Hieronymus was silent.

"At least, I knew she did not care for any one else," continued David, "until you came. Now she cares for you."

Hieronymus looked up quickly.

"Surely, surely, you must be mistaken," he said.

David shook his head.

"No," he answered, "I'm not mistaken. And I'm not the only one who has noticed it. Since you've been here, my little Joan has gone further and further away from me."

"I am sorry," said Hieronymus. He had taken his tobacco-pouch from his pocket, and was slowly filling his pipe.

"I have never meant to work a harm to her, or you, or any one," the historian said sadly. "If I had thought I was going to bring trouble to any one here, I should not have stayed on. But I've been very happy amongst you all, and you've all been good to me; and as the days went on, I found myself becoming attached to this little village. The life was so simple and refreshing, and I was glad to have the rest and the change. Your little Joan and I have been much together, it is true. She has written to my dictation, and I found her so apt that, long after my hand became well again, I preferred to dictate rather than to write. Then we've walked together, and we've talked seriously and merrily, and sadly too. We've just been comrades; nothing more. She seemed to me a little discontented, and I tried to interest her in things I happen to know, and so take her out of herself. If I had had any idea that I was doing more than that, I should have left off at once. I hope you don't doubt me."

"I believe every word you say," David said warmly.

"I am grateful for that," Hieronymus said, and the two men grasped hands.

"If there is anything I can do to repair my thoughtlessness," he said, "I will gladly do it. But it is difficult to know what to do and what to say. For perhaps, after all, you may be mistaken."

The exciseman shook his head.

"No," he said, "I am not mistaken. It has been getting worse ever since you came. There is nothing to say about it; it can't be helped. It's just

that sort of thing which sometimes happens; no one is to blame, but the mischief is done, all the same. I don't know why I've told you about it. Perhaps I meant to, perhaps I didn't. It seemed to come out naturally enough when we were talking of the books."

He was looking mournfully at the list which Hieronymus had drawn out for him.

"I don't see that it's any use to me," he said.

He was going to screw it up and throw it into the fire, but the historian prevented him.

"Keep it," he said kindly. "You may yet want it. If I were you, I should go on collecting a library. I should go on patiently adding book after book, and with each book you buy, buy a little hope too. Who knows? Some day your little Joan may want you. But she will have to go out into the world first and fight her battles. She is one of those who *must* go out into the world, and buy her experiences for herself. Those who hinder her are only hurting her. Don't try to hinder her. Let her go. Some day when she is tired, she will be glad to lean on some one whom she can trust. But she must be tired first, and thus find out her necessity. And it is when we find out our necessity, that our heart cries aloud. Then it is that those who love us, will not fail us. They will be to us like the shadow of a great rock in a dry land."

David made no answer, but he smoothed out the crumpled piece of paper, and put it carefully into his pocket-book.

CHAPTER X.

HIERONYMUS SPEAKS.

HIERONYMUS was unhappy; the exciseman might or might not be mistaken, but the fact remained that some mischief had been done, inasmuch as David Ellis's feelings were wounded. Hieronymus felt that the best thing for him to do was to go, though he quite determined to wait until he saw the

hill-ponies gathered together. There was no reason why he should hasten away as though he were ashamed of himself. He knew that not one word had been spoken to Joan which he now wished to recall. His position was a delicate one. He thought seriously over the matter, and wondered how he might devise a means of telling her a little about his own life, and thus showing her, without seeming to show her, that his whole heart was filled with the memories of the past. He could not say to Joan: "My little Joan, my little secretary, they tell me that I have been making havoc of your heart. Now listen to me, child. If it is not true, then I am glad. And if it is true, I am sad; because I have been wounding you against my knowledge, and putting you through suffering which I might so easily have spared you. You will recover from the suffering; but alas! little Joan, that I should have been the one to wound you."

He could not say that to her, though he would have wished to speak some such words.

But the next morning after his conversation with David Ellis, he sat in the parlor of the Green Dragon, fondling the ever-faithful Gamboge. Joan Hammond looked up once or twice from her paper, wondering when the historian would begin work. He seemed to be taking a long time this morning to rouse himself to activity.

"I shall take Gamboge with me when I go," he said at last. "I've bought her for half-a-crown. That is a paltry sum to give for such a precious creature."

"Are you thinking of going then?" asked Joan fearfully.

"Yes," he answered cheerily. "I must just wait to see those rascals, the hill-ponies, and then I must go back to the barbarous big world, into which you are so anxious to penetrate."

"Father has determined to sell Nance," she said sadly, "so I can't saddle the white horse and be off."

"And you are sorry to lose your old friend?" he said kindly.

"One has to give up everything," she answered.

"Not everything," Hieronymus said. "Not the nasty things for instance — only the nice things!"

Joan laughed, and dipped her pen into the ink.

"The truth of it is, I'm not in the least inclined to work this morning," said Hieronymus.

Joan waited, the pen in her hand. He had said that so many times before, and yet he had always ended by doing some work after all.

"I believe that my stern task-mistress, my dear love who died so many years ago — I believe that even she would give me a holiday to-day," Hieronymus said. "And she always claimed so much work of me; she was never satisfied. I think she considered me to be a lazy fellow, who needed spurring on. She had great ambitions for me; she believed everything of me, and wished me to work out her ambitions, not for the sake of the fame and the name, but for the sake of the good it does us all to grapple with ourselves."

He had drawn from his pocket a small miniature of a sweet-looking woman. It was a spiritual face, with tender eyes; a face to linger in one's memory.

"When she first died," Hieronymus continued, as though to himself, "I could not have written a line without this dear face before me. It served to remind me that although I was unhappy and lonely, I must work if only to please her. That is what I had done when she was alive, and it seemed disloyal not to do so when she was dead. And it was the only comfort I had; but a strong comfort, filling full the heart. It is ten years now since she died; but I scarcely need the miniature, the dear face is always before me. Ten years ago, and I am still alive, and sometimes, often indeed, very happy. She would have wished me to be happy; she was always glad when I laughed cheerily, or made some fun out of nothing. 'What a stupid boy you are!' she would say. But she laughed all

the same. We were very happy together, she and I; we had loved each other a long time, in spite of many difficulties and troubles. But the troubles had cleared, and we were just going to make our little home together, when she died."

There was no tremor in his voice as he spoke.

"We enjoyed everything," he went on; "every bit of fun, every bit of beauty, — the mere fact of living and loving, the mere fact of the world being beautiful, the mere fact of there being so much to do and to be and to strive after. I was not very ambitious for myself. At one time I *had* cared greatly; then the desire had left me. But when she first came into my life, she roused me from my lethargy; she loved me, and did not wish me to pause one moment in my life's work. The old ambitions had left me, but for her sake I revived them; she was my dear good angel, but always, as I told her, a stern task-giver. Then when she was gone, and I had not her dear presence to help me, I just felt I could not go on writing any more. Then I remembered how ambitious she was for me, and so I did not wait one moment. I took up my work at once, and have tried to earn a name and a fame for her sake."

He paused, and stirred the fire uneasily.

"It was very difficult at first," he continued; "everything was difficult. And even now, after ten years, it is not always easy. And I cared so little. That was the hardest part of all; to learn to care again. But the years pass, and we live through a tempest of grief, and come out into a great calm. In the tempest we fancied we were alone; in the calm we know that we have not been alone; that the dear face has been looking at us lovingly, and the dear voice speaking to us through the worst hours of the storm, and the dear soul knitting itself closer and closer to our soul."

Joan bent over the paper.

"So the days have passed into weeks

and months and years," he said, "and here am I, still looking for my dear love's blessing and approval; still looking to her for guidance, to her, and no one else. Others may be able to give their heart twice over, but I am not one of those. People talk of death effacing love! As though death and love could have any dealings the one with the other. They always were strangers; they always will be strangers. So year after year I mourn for her, in my own way, cheerily, happily, sorrowfully, and always tenderly; sometimes with laughter, and sometimes with tears. When I see all the beautiful green things of the world, and sing from very delight, I know she would be glad. When I make a good joke or turn a clever sentence, I know she would smile her praise. When I do my work well, I know she would be satisfied. And though I may fail in all I undertake, still there is the going on trying. Thus I am always a mourner, offering to her just that kind of remembrance which her dear, beautiful soul would cherish most."

He was handling the little miniature.

"May I see the face?" Joan asked very gently.

He put the miniature in her hands. She looked at it, and then returned it to him, almost reverently.

"And now, little secretary," he said, in his old cheery way, "I do believe I could do some work if I tried. It's only a question of will-power. Come, dip your pen in the ink, and write as quickly as you can."

He dictated for nearly an hour, and then Joan slipped off quickly home.

Up in her little bedroom it was all in vain that she chased the tears from her face. They came again, and they came again.

"He has seen that I love him," she sobbed. "And that was his dear kind way of telling me that I was a foolish little child. Of course I was a foolish little child, but I couldn't help it! Indeed I couldn't help it. And I must go on crying. No one need know."

So she went on crying, and no one knew.

CHAPTER XI.

HIERONYMUS GOES.

THEY were captured, those little wretches, the hill-ponies, having been chased down from all directions, and gathered together in the enclosure set apart for their imprisonment. There they were, cribbed, cabined, and confined, some of them distressed, and all of them highly indignant at the rough treatment which they had received. This gathering together of the wild ponies occurred two or three times in the year, when the owners assembled to identify their particular herd, and to re-impress their mark on the ponies which belonged to them. It was no easy matter to drive them down from the hills; though indeed they came down willingly enough at night to seek what they might devour. Then one might hear their little feet pattering quickly over the ground, helter-skelter! The villagers were well accustomed to the sound. "It's only the hill-ponies, the rascals!" they would say. But when they were wanted, they would not come. They led the beaters a rare dance over hill and dale; but it always ended in the same way. Then, after four or five years of life on the hills, their owners sold them, and that was the end of all their fun and all their shagginess too.

Hieronymus stood near the enclosure watching the proceedings with the greatest interest. The men were trying to divide the ponies into groups, according to the mark on their backs. But this was no easy matter either; the little creatures kicked and threw themselves about in every direction but the right one, and they were so strong that their struggles were generally successful. The sympathies of Hieronymus went with the rebels, and he was much distressed when he saw three men hanging on to the tail of one of the ponies, and trying to keep him back from another group.

"I say, you there!" he cried, waving his stick. "I can't stand that."

Mrs. Benbow, who was standing near him, laughed, and called him to order.

"Now don't you be meddling with what you don't understand," she said. "You may know a good deal about books, but it's not much you'll know about hill-ponies."

"That's quite true," said Hieronymus humbly.

"Come along with me now," commanded Mrs. Benbow, "and help me buy a red pig!"

Nothing but a red pig would have made Hieronymus desert the hill-ponies. A red pig was of course irresistible to any one in his senses; and the historian followed contentedly after the landlady of the Green Dragon. She made her way amongst the crowds of people who had come to this great horse-fair, which was the most important one of the whole year. Hieronymus was much interested in every one and everything he saw; he looked at the horses, and sheep, and cows, and exchanged conversation with any one who would talk to him.

"There's a deal of money will change hands to-day," said a jolly old farmer to him. "But prices be dreadful low this year. Why, the pigs be going for a mere nothing."

"I'm going to buy a pig," Hieronymus said proudly, "a red one."

"Ah," said the farmer, looking at him with a sort of indulgent disdain, "'tis a breed as I care nothing about."

Then he turned to one of his colleagues, evidently considering Hieronymus rather a feeble sort of individual, with whom it was not profitable to talk.

The historian was depressed for the moment, but soon recovered his spirits when he saw the fascinating red pigs. And his pride and conceit knew no bounds when Mrs. Benbow actually chose and bought the very animal which he had recommended to her notice. He saw David Ellis, and went to tell him about the pig. The exciseman laughed, and then looked sad again.

"My little Joan is very unhappy," he said, half in a whisper. "The old white horse is to be sold. Do you see her there yonder? How I wish I could buy the old mare, and give her to Joan!"

"That would be a very unwise thing for you to do," said Hieronymus.

"Yes," said David. "And do you know, I've been thinking of what you said about her going out into the world. And I found this advertisement. Shall I give it to her?"

Hieronymus looked at it.

"You're a dear fellow, David," he said warmly. "Yes, give it to her. And I, too, have been thinking of what you said to me. I've told her a little of my story, and she knows now how my heart is altogether taken up with my past. So if I've done any harm to her and you, I have tried to set it right. And to-morrow I am going home. You will see me off at the station?"

"I'll surely be there," said the exciseman.

But there was no sign in his manner that he wished to be rid of Hieronymus. The historian, who all unconsciously won peoples' hearts, all unconsciously kept them too. Even Auntie Lloyd, to whom he had been presented, owned that he "had a way" about him. (But then he had asked after her sciatica!) He spoke a few words to Joan, who stood lingering near the old white mare. She had been a little shy of him since he had spoken so freely to her; and he had noticed this, and used all his geniality to set her at her ease again.

"This is my last afternoon," he said to her, "and I have crowned the achievements of my visit here by choosing a red pig. Now I'm going back to the big, barbarous world to boast of my new acquirements — brewing beer, eating pastry, drinking beef-tea, cutting up the beans, making onion pickles, and other odd jobs assigned to me by Queen Elizabeth of the Green Dragon. Here she comes to fetch me, for we are going to drive the red pig home in the cart. Then I'm to have some tea with rum in it, and some of those horrible Shropshire crumpets. Then if I'm still alive after the crumpets and the rum, there will be a few more odd jobs for me to do, and then to-morrow I go. As for yourself, little secretary, you are going to put courage

into your heart, and fight your battles well. Tell me?"

"Yes," she said; and she looked up brightly, though there were tears in her eyes.

"Do you know those words, '*Hitch your wagon to a star*'?" he said. "Emerson was right. The wagon spins along merrily then. And now good-bye, little secretary. You must come and see me off at the station to-morrow. I want all my friends around me."

So on the morrow they gathered round him, Mr. Benbow, Mrs. Benbow, two of the Malt-House Farm boys, the old woman who kept the grocer's shop, and who had been doing a good trade in sweetmeats since Hieronymus came, the exciseman, and Joan Hammond, and old John of the wooden leg. They were all there, sorrowful to part with him, glad to have known him.

"If you would only stay," said Mrs. Benbow; "there are so many other odd jobs for you to do!"

"No, I must go," said the historian. "There is an end to everything, excepting to your beef-tea! But I've been very happy."

His luggage had increased since he came to Little Stretton. He had arrived with a small portmanteau; he went away with the same portmanteau, an oak chair which Mr. Benbow had given him, and a small hamper containing Gamboe.

"Take care how you carry that hamper," he said to the porter. "There is a dog inside undergoing a cat incarnation!"

To Joan he said: "Little secretary, answer the advertisement and go out into the world."

And she promised.

And to David he said: "When you've finished that book-list, write to me for another one."

And he promised.

Then the train moved off, and the dear, kind face was out of sight.

Mrs. Benbow went home to do the scouring and cleaning.

David rode off to Ludlow and bought a book.

Joan sat in her room at the Malt-House Farm, and cried her heart out. Then she looked at the advertisement, and answered it.

"It was kind of David," she said.

So David sent Joan out into the world.

The weeks, the months, seem long without her. He buys his books, and with every new book he buys new comfort. He recalls the historian's words: "Some day, when she is tired, she will be glad to lean on some one whom she can trust."

So David waits.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
WHITLOCKE'S SWEDISH EMBASSY.

THE narrative of Whitlocke's embassy to Sweden in 1653 belongs to the host of books which modern Englishmen have neither the time nor the inclination to look into.

Whitlocke was one of the best of the Puritan brotherhood; even the Royalists were fain to admit it; and, if nothing else remained to prove it, his journal of the embassy would suffice.

We must imagine him as a man of forty-eight when Cromwell nominated him for the important negotiation with the famous and eccentric Queen Christina. He is, there is no denying it, very prosy in the description he gives us of his arguments, domestic and otherwise, about the offer that has been made him. Though sensible enough of the honor of the business, he remembers only too well (and so does his wife) the fate of certain other of the Commonwealth's ambassadors. He has a fancy, too, that the Protector has some sinister design in view of conferring the honor upon him. A journey to Sweden in the seventeenth century was not to be undertaken lightly. Added to the perils of assassination by Cavaliers, were the risks of the voyage and the various inconveniences and hardships of travel in a land neither

the cookery nor the household appointments of which were of a kind to satisfy a gently nurtured Englishman. And it must be remembered that Whitlocke was both of good birth and good education. Queen Christina laid great stress on the pleasure with which she welcomed a man who lacked little in lacking none of the qualifications of an ambassador save the superfine arts of the courtier.

While he weighed the matter in his mind, and battled with his wife's ardent tears and protestations against his accepting so terrible a responsibility in his "crazy old age," he took, he tells us, "the pleasure of riding forth into the open fields and enclosed grounds, contemplating on the goodness of God, who had bestowed on Englishmen so pleasant, healthful, and fruitful a country as this island; and the inconsiderateness of those who will leave such a country to please their foul humors of travelling to see foreign countries." He was especially concerned at being asked to leave England at a time when his wife was about to present him with his thirteenth child. Dame Whitlocke never tired of urging the brutality of such conduct in him. He was only too willing at times to agree with her, and rated "the insinuating cringes of caps and knees" very meanly in comparison with domestic peace and happiness.

At length, Cromwell overcame his objections. It was patriotic to go, and go, therefore, Whitlocke did, with a numerous train, though not without much tussling about ways and means. To his plea before the Protector that when, "my Lord, a man is out of sight he is out of mind," Cromwell answered that Whitlocke should always be precious to him, and graciously remembered.

In those days it was no joke to cross the North Sea. Apart from the storms, there were the Dutch, to whom a captured ambassador was likely to be a fine spoil. Whitlocke may well be justified, therefore, in his solemn homily to his suite, the sailors, and all on the fleet, before starting. "I am," he said in the like speech to his friends, "a poor

inconsiderable worm." And to his retinue, ere sailing, he enlarged upon the dangers ahead, with forcible Scriptural words for their counsel: "I shall say to you, as Gideon said to his people, 'Whosoever is fearful, let him return and depart.'" But none of them were alarmed by this innuendo.

They soon, however, had cause to recognize that there was something in their leader's words: "the vessel's rolling and the dark of the nights sufficiently affrighting some of the company, who solemnly repented that they had left good colleges and kind mothers and friends, full of wholesome diet, and safety on firm land, to come to stinking water, salt and bad meat boiled in it, such as they could not eat," etc., etc. Like a wise man, Whitlocke, who was not seasick, did his best to hearten them by "drolling with them;" and, whenever occasion offered, he preached very earnest sermons to them and all the ship's crew.

As an agreeable episode, the taking of a Dutch fishing-smack (no very high prey for an English frigate) deserves to be mentioned. The Dutchman neglected to strike his flag under gunshot, and was, therefore, run down and haled on deck. Here the ambassador examined him.

Whitlocke. "What do your people say of the English ambassador?—tell me truly."

Skipper. "They say he is a very honest gentleman and a fit man for such a business, and one that loves peace, and is likely to do his work."

Whitlocke. "Now I see you know to whom you speak."

Much conversation passed, and eventually the Dutch skipper was put back into his smack, a free man. This so rejoiced him that he presented the ambassador with "a Holland cheese and a great bottle of brandy-wine," who, however, thought well to decline the present.

We are told that Whitlocke got much into the affection of his company, "and into the favor of the officers and mariners, by his kindness and familiarity, and by being much on the decks

and drolling with them, and discoursing; especially by affording them now and then a douse in the neck or a kick in jest, seeing them play, and then giving them some of his own tobacco, wine, and strong waters, as there was occasion, which demeanors please those kind of people."

At length, after seven or eight days of buffetings by the wind, and no inconsiderable chance of shipwreck off the Skaw, the little fleet came to Gothenburg, then a young city giving promise of the importance to which it has now attained. Here began a series of other trials, concerned with victualing, accommodation, resistance against and surrender to the extortion of the Swedes (to whom an ambassador extraordinary seemed a fat prey, to be enjoyed to the uttermost), the rights of precedence and ceremonial honors, which Whitlocke was worthily firm in exacting—for the credit of England and his lord, the Protector; and much else. Never, on the other hand, was ambassador more hospitable; and never, one would imagine, were a people less backward in taking from their guest such favors as they could obtain. The Swedes of Gothenburg, like those of Upsal and Stockholm subsequently, "thankfully accepted the meat and drink and money which the ambassador gave them; the expectation whereof by them was some motive to their respect." The Swedish *cuisine* and larder were as defective then as now. But Whitlocke had been warned of this, and carried with him "good English beer and meal, butter, cheese, baked meats, Spanish and French wine, and divers good provisions; and his field bed he chose to lie in, rather than between two of their beds." His stock of good things must have been prodigious, for it sufficed to feed him and his retinue of about two hundred persons, as well as to entertain his visitors, from November, 1653, to May, 1654.

Whitlocke exercised a paternal, almost, indeed, a patriarchal, rule over his company. He not only preached to them, but gave and enforced very

severe orders about their behavior. They were, on pain of "dismission from his Excellence's family," forbidden to "swear or curse or blaspheme;" to "be overseen in drink (and to this end, neither begin nor pledge healths);" "to pretend excuse either for absence or late coming" to prayers twice daily, as well as on the Lord's Day; "to revile, quarrel with, or give reproachful language to another, but all to behave themselves inoffensively;" to "stay out late in the evenings, after six o'clock, upon any pretence whatever," without explicit permission; and much else. For their health's sake, further, they were "to forbear coming near the fire after they came out of the cold air," and the like.

We may smile at this scrupulosity, but it answered Whitlocke's purpose admirably. He had in Upsal and Stockholm some slight trouble with certain of the younger members of his suite, who found the levity of Queen Christina's court too seductive; he had also to interfere when his retinue grumbled openly about the fewness of the links in the gold chains with which they were presented at parting from the queen, and to reprimand once or twice in public those who were not regular at his Sunday services. This was all. It was much, indeed, that he could eventually bring back safe and sound to England every man with whom he sailed from the Nore on November the eighth.

His journey overland from Gothenburg to Upsal, where the court then was, exacted twenty days. And very rough days they were; with bad equipages, "rotten cows that had died in the fields" for fresh meat, and lodging in the straw night after night. The winter had set in, and ice and snow incommoded them. At each little village they had to put up with gross impositions, which could hardly be overcome. The country Swedes were not very recognizant of Whitlocke's rank, as a rule, except as his demand for horses and carts indicated him a great man. But the ambassador met

with verbal regard enough from the leading men ; witness the address of the minister and schoolmaster of Skara on behalf of his orphan schoolchildren. Herein he was styled, "Generosissime, serenissime atque nobilissime Domine Princeps." "They were," says Whitlocke, "prodigal enough in their titles, hoping to procure the more liberality from him." In good earnest Whitlocke records such historical and other information as they could offer him. But it was not always very credible information. For example, the Skara schoolmaster, without winking, thus explained the name and origin of his village : "A Goth, a servant of Abraham, married one of Sarah's maids, and brought her into his own country ; and being grown rich, he built a city in this place, and gave his wife the naming of it, who, in honor of her mistress, called it Sarah ; and by the people's rough pronounciation is now called 'Skara.'" Throughout the journey Whitlocke showed to advantage. When his retinue, in spite of his sermons and admonitions, could not help grumbling at the trials that confronted them, he was wont to encourage them by having his bed set up in the straw amid which they lay, "he being frolic, and cheering them."

They were all glad to reach Upsal. A house had here been prepared for the ambassador by the queen, whose master of the ceremonies, attended by a couple of senators and some lackeys, formally escorted him into it. Whitlocke gives us a complete description of his bedchamber, which had subsequently to serve for many an audience with the notables who visited him. It was "a handsome square room, hung with very good cloth of Arras. The bed was of blue velvet, richly embroidered all over with gold, and a little silk work in flowers, lined with yellow damask ; the carpet was of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold and silk ; the chairs answerable to the curtains, and large foot carpets of Turkey work round the bed." From the outset the ambassador had to excuse himself for his ignorance of courtly etiquette.

This, however, did not save him from an embroilment—one of many through which he came successfully. The master of the ceremonies and senators ushered him into his bedchamber, and, having bid him welcome, departed. It was expected of him to return with them to their carriages ; but he merely went with them as far as the head of the stairs. For this the master of the ceremonies did not spare to upbraid him. In rejoinder, Whitlocke pleaded his weariness, and his observation that the senators were loathe to give him his new title of "Excellency," and much else. The misunderstanding was with difficulty accommodated ; but a fresh occasion for discord occurred almost immediately. A feast was prepared for the ambassador in his house in the name of the queen—the master of the ceremonies having attended upon Whitlocke in his room with a towel, while "Mr. Lyllicrone and the carver" held the basin and ewer for his ablutions. The royal plate was used, and the meal was served with sufficient amplitude. But in the middle of it the master of the ceremonies uprose, glass in hand, to proffer a toast to the Commonwealth of England. It seemed to him extremely odd that the toast should be declined on the plea of habitual temperance. He, we are told, "imperiously urged Whitlocke to pledge the health, and told him that he could not refuse it, being to his masters, the Commonwealth." Nor would arguments satisfy him ; he made "many returns of the like nature in words and gestures, full of heat and discontent." But it was all to no purpose. Whitlocke was firm in this detail even as he was firm in every other particular of his embassy. To the scornful question of the master of the ceremonies, "Why not drink a health ?" he retorted, "Why not eat a health ?" The dispute "concluded in a silent discontent during the rest of supper-time."

We can imagine what prejudice this behavior would raise against the ambassador in such a court as Christina's, which welcomed diversions of the

French and Italian kinds, and had no faith in fleshly mortifications. No matter; Whitlocke went to his audience with the queen quite unconcerned, save about the business with which he was entrusted, and which he meant to hasten as far as possible, so that he might return to his wife and children and the many friends at home who wished him well.

From the very beginning he astonished the young queen—and that to his advantage. The state with which he went to court impressed both the people and the court itself. His English horses, of which he had brought a shipload with him, also soon excited the admiration and then the desire of every one—from the queen downwards. His own dress, he tells us, “was plain, but extraordinarily rich, though without any gold or silver lace or embroidery. His suit was of black English cloth, of an exceedingly fine sort, the cloak lined with the same cloth, and that and the suit set with very fair, rich diamond buttons; his hatband of diamonds answerable; and all of the value of £1,000.” Thus, with lackeys and coachmen in buff and grey, pages in blue satin, blue silk, and blue plush, trumpeters, gentlemen attendants, “nobly and richly habited, who spared no cost in honor of their country and to their friend,” the ambassador climbed the streets to the castle.

The queen, dressed in a plain grey habit, with a “jacket such as men wear” over it, her hair hanging loose upon her shoulders and surmounted by a “black velvet cap lined with sables,” seems to have designed to strike awe into the ambassador’s heart. While he formally introduced himself to her, she stepped up close to him and “by her looks and gestures would have daunted him.” But if this was her design it signally failed. “Those,” says Whitlocke, “who have been conversant in the late great affairs in England are not so soon as others appalled with the presence of a young lady and her servants.” Very soon, indeed, the ambassador profited by his fearlessness,

and the queen, later, herself confessed that he was a man after her own heart in all except his aversion to mere frivolity. Nor did he hold a stiff neck latterly in certain of the royal entertainments, the scenes at which seemed likely to disturb him.

After the formal reception the queen received the ambassador constantly in private, two chairs being set, which they occupied side by side. Christina early avowed the interest she felt in the Protector. “Your general is,” she said, “one of the gallantest men in the world; never were such things done as by the English in your late war. Your general hath done the greatest things of any man in the world. The Prince of Condé is next to him, but short of him. I have as great a respect and honor for your general as for any man alive, and I pray let him know as much from me.” She also civilly submitted to Whitlocke’s criticism on the manners of her subjects. Even when, at considerable length and with Scriptural quotations, he censured the Swedish disregard of the Sabbath, her Majesty bore with him very good-humoredly. She herself was the chief of sinners in this matter, but she seemed to pay great heed to the ambassador’s sermons. “Methinks,” she said one day, “you preach very well—I assure you I like it.” The truth is that Whitlocke’s sterling nature showed in all his words and actions, and he could not but win regard where it was to be won and where it was worth the winning. Christina was a poor hand at negotiations, and left most of the business of the treaty to Whitlocke and her chancellor, the famous Oxenstiern. But her liking for our ambassador soon allowed her to “droll” with him very freely, accept his horses as a gift, consent to be his May-day mistress or Valentine (which cost Whitlocke a mirror, value £100), and dine with him in his own house.

It is diverting to read how the staid ambassador entertained the queen and her courtiers—in part *malgré lui*. “Their meat was such food as could be gotten, dressed after the English

fashion and with English sauces, creams, puddings, custards, tarts, tansies, English apples, "bon-chrétien" pears, cheese, butter, neats' tongues, potted venison, and sweetmeats brought out of England, as his sack and claret also was." Her Majesty did not stint her appetite at this banquet, if her attendants are to be believed, who said "she did eat and drink more at it than she used to do in three or four days at her own table." Afterwards, the eccentric lady must first require the ambassador categorically to explain how salt butter brought from England could be served up to her "so fresh and sweet" (by putting it into milk overnight, according to Whitlocke), and then bade him methodically "teach her ladies the English salutation." This latter episode in the history of the embassy is worth the attention of a painter. The grouping would be effective, and the central figure of the Puritan joint-keeper of the great seal and Swedish ambassador kissing the ladies-in-waiting before the lively queen could hardly fail to interest. The ladies appear to have objected at first; but their sovereign mistress overruled them. "After some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitlocke most readily," adds the ambassador. This was on May day, and only a week after he had ordered his steward to cast out of his house the trunks and goods of a certain couple of his retinue who had failed to attend divine service in his presence. We cannot, therefore, dream of imagining (even on his own confession that he enjoyed being tutor in this matter to the court ladies) that he was then vitally corrupted by the prevalent levity in Upsal.

A few days later the ambassador was once again frivolous to gratify the queen's caprice. He was a guest at the marriage of a certain nobleman, and in the evening there was a great ball. Christina asked Whitlocke to dance with her. For a while he refused, courteously enough; but the queen was resolved to have her way. The following conversation ensued when Whitlocke had conducted her

Majesty to her chair of State after the dance:—

Queen. "Par Dieu! These Hollanders are lying fellows."

Whitlocke. "I wonder how the Hollanders should come into your mind upon such an occasion as this is, who are not usually thought upon in such solemnities, nor much acquainted with them."

Queen. "I will tell you all. The Hollanders reported to me a great while since that all the noblesse of England were of the king's party, and none but mechanics of the Parliament party, and not a gentleman among them; now, I thought to try you, and to shame you if you could not dance; but I see that you are a gentleman, and have been bred a gentleman, and that makes me say the Hollanders are lying fellows, to report that there was not a gentleman of the Parliament's party, when I see by you chiefly, and by many of your company, that you are a gentleman."

Of the negotiation with which Whitlocke was entrusted little need be said. The treaty was signed after many delays, and when the ambassador almost despaired of ever again seeing England. The old Chancellor Oxenstiern was caution personified. His health, moreover, was very bad, and his son, who occasionally represented him, was not a man with whom Whitlocke could treat satisfactorily, and to the last seemed unwilling to be convinced that our envoy ought to be taken at his own estimate, which was confessedly a high one. The matter was, besides, being carried through at a very critical time in the history of Sweden herself. The queen was on the point of abdicating in favor of her cousin, Charles Gustavus. Every day of Whitlocke's presence in the country brought her resolve nearer fruition. Naturally Whitlocke, having assured himself that the treaty would be confirmed by her successor, was extremely anxious to get it signed and sealed. In this he was fortunate, so that on May 11 he could play his part of spectator in the ceremony of abdication with true disinterestedness.

Even as Whitlocke did not mind

talking to the queen censoriously about certain of the customs of her country, so he did not refrain from giving her advice about this important incident in her career. Since she was bent upon obtaining the untrammelled freedom she believed would be her lot when she had formally surrendered all state cares, he urged her especially to make sure of her revenue as a private subject in the kingdom over which she had ruled. He also made much of the change of attitude in the courtiers and others that she was to expect when she voluntarily stepped from the throne. In all this Whitlocke acted like the honest gentleman he was. Perhaps the queen laughed a little in her sleeve when he gave her so much solemn counsel; but she could hardly, nevertheless, help feeling a certain gratitude for the earnestness with which he discussed her position.

The abdication was formally accomplished on May 11. Representatives of the clergy, the nobility, the burgesses, and the peasantry, each in their turn implored the queen, even at this last moment, to reconsider her resolution. Of these the last was the most interesting. Whitlocke's account of his behavior is as good as it could be. He stepped forward, "a plain country fellow, in his clouted shoon and all other habits answerable," and, "without any congees or ceremony at all, spake to her Majesty:—

"O Lord God, Madam, what do you mean to do? It troubles us to hear you speak of forsaking those that love you as well as we do. Can you be better than you are? You are queen of all these countries, and if you leave this large kingdom, where will you get such another? If you should do it (as I hope you won't for all this), both you and we shall have cause, when it is too late, to be sorry for it. Therefore, my fellows and I pray you to think better on't, and to keep your crown on your head, then you will keep your own honor and our peace; but if you lay it down, in my conscience you will endanger all. Continue in your gears, good Madam, and be the fore-horse as

long as you live, and we will help you the best we can to bear your burden."

When he had done "he waddled up to the queen without any ceremony, took her by the hand and shook it heartily, and kissed it two or three times; then, turning his back to her, he pulled out of his pocket a foul handkerchief and wiped the tears from his eyes, and in the same posture as he came up, he returned back to his own place again."

The abdication over, Whitlocke waited only to have audience with Christina's successor; after that he asked nothing better of Heaven than a fair wind for home.

Charles Gustavus did not fail to impress our ambassador favorably. To us it sounds odd if not foolish that, at this first interview, for half an hour the two strove with each other which should surrender the precedence. But those were days in which nothing more showed good breeding than a thorough acquaintance with such points of punctilio. Eventually, at the whisper of the master of the ceremonies, Whitlocke allowed the king to give way to him. To Charles Gustavus, even as to Christina, the ambassador delivered a very fair homily on the difference between religion in England and what was called religion in Sweden. And here again, if he needed to be justified, his evident sincerity justified him. "I have not," the king avowed, "heard many soldiers discourse in this strain; but I like it well, and it becomes you." Little did Whitlocke think that the man he addressed was to make for himself a name memorable indeed not only for Sweden but in European history.

The formalities of leave-taking delayed Whitlocke for many days when all his other business was happily ended. At the royal audience for this purpose he wore "a plain suit of very fine English cloth of musk-color, the buttons of gold, enamelled, and in each button a ruby, and rich points and ribbons of gold." The queen was still nominally the sovereign, and as such received him in a habit of black silk stuff, over

which was "a black velvet jippo, such as men use to wear;" her hair hanging loose, "and her hat was after the fashion of men." State ceremony forbade any effusive expressions of good-will on this occasion from Christina towards Whitlocke; but in private she was exceedingly cordial with him, and treated him more as a friend than a diplomatist. Indeed, by the avowal of the court and the other ambassadors, no man had ever been received in Sweden with such honor and regard as Whitlocke. The ambassador of Denmark openly grumbled at this favored treatment, but could in no way alter it.

It will be doing no wrong either to Whitlocke or the Swedes if in part we ascribe the respect meted out to our ambassador towards the end of his stay in the country to his unstinted hospitality. From her Majesty to the courtiers, Whitlocke was generous alike to all. He kept open house, and his table was so attractive that the Swedes were easily persuaded to dine with him. And yet, he tells us, "during the whole time of his residence in this court he never was invited to any of their tables," save once to that of General Douglas (a Scotchman settled in Sweden), and once to that of Oxenstiern's son, Eric. The queen, in giving him a shipload of copper as a present, did but just balance the account Whitlocke might have compiled of the worth of the horses, the looking-glass, "besides an English Bible richly bound, English stuffs, a cabinet of spirits, and other smaller presents," for which she was indebted to him. Of all his horses, the ambassador took none back with him. Somewhat quaintly, he records how cleverly he disregarded the Prince Adolphus's admiration of his steeds; being "not so young a courtier as to pass the compliment of their being at his Highness's service, lest he might be taken at his word." But it came to the same thing in the end.

The Swedish court officials had at times vexed the ambassador by their apparent want of consideration for him. It lay in his power to vex them in return by the meagreness of his parting gifts.

But he studiously avoided doing aught that might bring discredit upon Engand's good name. For all that he was not unwilling to jest rather dryly at their expense. "To Secretary Canterstein he sent his secretary Earle with a silver standish, curiously wrought; at sight of which Canterstein seemed much discontented, till Earle showed him the manner of opening the standish, and in it forty pieces of English gold, of jacobuses, which made the present very acceptable. In like manner Whitlocke sent to the master of the ceremonies an English beaver hat, with a gold hatband, and a pair of rich English gloves, at which the master seemed offended, saying that ambassadors used to send better presents to the master of ceremonies; but being desired to try if the gloves would fit him, he found therein forty twenty-shilling pieces of English gold, and thereby much satisfaction in the present." When all was over, the ambassador might reasonably take credit to himself that he left not one penny of debt behind him in Sweden, "nor any unrewarded who had done him a service."

Whitlocke did not find Stockholm much more entertaining than Upsal, while he tarried there waiting for the glad news that the wind was fair for sailing. At the launch of a warship they paid him the honor of asking him to christen it. The admiral wished it to be called the Whitlocke, which, "however, Whitlocke thought not expedient, lest it might argue too much height in himself; nor would he call her Cromwell or the Protector, because she carried but thirty guns." As a compromise, the vessel was called the Falcon, which suited the exceptional speed for which she was built, and also carried with it a memento of Whitlocke, whose coat of arms bore a falcon.

Thus, in small matters as well as in great, Whitlocke shone to his own advantage. Cromwell could have sent no man to Sweden more qualified to raise the Commonwealth in the esteem of that northern court. As we read the journal of the embassy, we cannot but wonder at the sturdy, thoroughly En-

glish figure the ambassador presents to us by touches the most artless and *naïve*. He was a Puritan of Puritans, a man whose daily life seemed built upon methodical prayer and worship of the most open, though scarcely ostentatious kind. Yet was he downright practical, steeped in common sense, and free from anything that can justly be termed either cant or hypocrisy. He took no responsibility without shrewd weighing of it and his own powers; but having accepted a charge it was a matter of conscience with him to fulfil his undertaking to the letter.

And so, on June 1, 1654, the wind being kind, the ambassador goes aboard the Swedish ship placed at his command, and, after solemn recommendation to Heaven, they set sail. The first part of the voyage ended at Lubeck. Thence the company went overland to Hamburg, and shipped anew for England. One more peril, the worst of all, had to be faced and overmastered, and then old England received them. The ambassador's ship ran on a sand-bank some thirty miles from land, and their destruction seemed imminent. Happily the tide and wind lifted the vessel again, and so Whitlocke was brought safely to his expectant wife and many children and friends. The lady, we judge from his words, was almost petulant with gladness at his return. The Protector also professed to welcome his servant back to England. The reader of the journal cannot help being in entire sympathy with Cromwell's laconic congratulation in the matter:—

"I am glad to see you safe and well after it."

CHARLES EDWARDES.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
SOME RUSKIN LETTERS.

BY GEORGE STRONACH, M.A.

"THERE is a richness and transparency in Mr. Ruskin's writing that has scarcely ever been equalled. Such beauty and power of expression is not to be found in any letter which I have

received. He is the best letter-writer of his or any age." Such is the opinion of Miss Mitford on the letters of Mr. Ruskin, and those who have read the "Arrows of the Chace" will be inclined to agree with the verdict of the accomplished author of "Tales of Our Village." Every word Mr. Ruskin has written is of more than ephemeral interest, so that no apology is needed for presenting to his admirers the following letters, selected from a large number written to a relative of my own, and locked up in a desk for more than thirty years—letters penned at the time when the brilliant "Graduate of Oxford" was startling the worlds of literature and art with his volumes of "Modern Painters."

The young man to whom the letters were sent is thus referred to by Mr. Ruskin in the ninth letter of "Fors Clavigera" (1871): "Some ten or twelve years ago, when I was first actively engaged in art teaching, a young Scottish student came up to London to put himself under me, having taken many prizes (justly, with respect to the qualities looked for by the judges) in various schools of art. He worked under me very earnestly and patiently for some time; and I was able to praise his doings in what I thought very high terms; nevertheless, there remained always a look of mortification on his face after he had been praised, however unqualifiedly. At last he could hold out no longer, but one day, when I had been more than usually complimentary, turned to me with an anxious, yet not unconfident expression, and asked, "Do you think, sir, that I shall ever draw as well as Turner?" Mr. Ruskin's reply was characteristic: "It is far more likely you should be made emperor of all the Russias. There is a new emperor every fifteen or twenty years, on the average; and by strange hap, and fortunate cabal, anybody might be made emperor. But there is only one Turner in five hundred years, and God decides, without any admission of auxiliary cabal, what piece of clay his soul is to be put in."

The first letter¹ which comes to my hand is dated from Fribourg, 6th August, 1854, and reads :—

DEAR MR. —,

I was indeed very glad, as you thought I should be, to have your long, chatty letter—one never can have letters too long when one is travelling—only some parts of said letter are founded on a little misapprehension of my meaning. I am sure I never said anything to dissuade you from trying to excel, or to do great things. I only wanted you to be sure your efforts were made with a substantial basis, so that just at the moment of push, your footing might not give way beneath you, and also, I wanted you to feel that long and steady effort—made in a contented way—does more than violent effort—made for some strong motive—or under some enthusiastic impulse. And I repeat—for of this I am perfectly sure—that the *best* things are only to be done in this way. It is very difficult thoroughly to understand the difference between indolence and *reserve* of strength—between apathy and serenity—between palsy and patience—but there is all the difference in the world—and nearly as many men are ruined by inconsiderate exertion, as by idleness itself. To do as much as you can healthily and happily do each day in a well-determined direction—with a view to far-off results—and with present enjoyment of one's work—is the only proper—the only eventually profitable way. I find scattered through your letter some motives which you have no business to act upon at all—"That I may show those of my own blood that they might be proud of me." "If for nothing else than to show our prejudiced folks that I could do something"—are by no means sufficient reasons for going into the life class. I am afraid of this prize-getting temper in you—chiefly I suppose because I have suffered much from it myself—vanity of various kinds having caused to me the waste of half my life, in making me try to do things better than I could, or to do things that I couldn't do, or to do them in ways that would bring me credit, instead of merely in the proper way. I lost half the good of my college life by over-exertion in cramming for honors—half the use of my vacations, when I ought to have been at rest—in writing prize poems—not to count the in-

numerable vexations and irritations which pride causes throughout one's life—and I would the more earnestly press the consideration of this on you because I see you act under the influence of many good and noble motives—wishing to keep and comfort your mother, and to do good to your fellow creatures, yet it seems to me that you do not quite know how inexpressibly subtle and penetrating the principle of pride is—how it mingles itself with and even pretends itself to be and takes the likeness of, the noblest feelings in the world—and what a constant struggle it needs even to detect—much more to expel it. It is like oxygen in iron—the hottest fire will not expel it altogether—and it steals in with the very air we breathe, turning all our steel into rust. Therefore it is that I urge on you the consideration of what I know to be true, that it is not by any effort of which you can possibly be vain, that you will do great things. Things that require steady labor there are indeed for all of us to do—but they are the coal-heaving part of our life; and to be done with a slow step, and a bent back—patiently, not in a passion—and not trying to beat our brother coalheavers—but only to carry as many coals as we can comfortably. But the *great* things—which require Genius to do—are done easily, if you have the genius. If you are to do anything that is really glorious—and for which men will forever wonder at you—you will do it as a duck quacks—because it is your nature to quack, when it rains.

However, the short and the long of it is, that if you can at all afford time to practise in it, I think you should certainly go into the drawing and modelling classes. As for *life* I don't know. I think you will have changed some of your ideas about drawing before you come to it, and then we can talk over the matter. Figure scripture cannot now be introduced in architecture, because we have no costume—and our nakedness is ignoble—so that all our figure sculpture is necessarily mere imitation Greek or imitation mediæval. It makes me sick, as if people were to feed me with meat that somebody else had chewed. We can have beasts and plants—for beasts—thank God—still keep their old manners and their old coats. How far drawing the human figure from the life is necessary to enable you to understand beasts, I don't know—but I rather think it might be well—for you can't get beasts to stand still to be

¹ A small portion of this letter appears in Wedderburn's "Ruskiniana."

studied, and when you can draw a man you can draw anything.

You say you must work hard to keep you from evil. Will not hard play do as well? I don't think God has put any passions in the human frame which may not be subdued in a healthy manner, as long as it is necessary to subdue them—I wish you would ask a clergyman about this.

I would accept your promise with gratitude, if I thought that it would be safe for you to make it. But I believe, there is no means of preserving rectitude of conduct and nobleness of aim but the grace of God, obtained daily, almost hourly—waiting upon Him and continual Faith in His immediate presence. Get into this habit of thought, and you need make no promises. Come short of this, and you will break them, and be more discouraged than if you had made none. The great lesson we have to learn in this world is *to give it all up*; it is not so much resolution as renunciation—not so much courage as resignation that we need. He that has once yielded thoroughly to God will yield to nothing but God.

As to the missal, it is the first page, 3, 4 Genesis, that I should like. Mind you don't do it but at your leisure. I shall be delighted to see you in London. I shall, D.V., be there about 1st December, all winter; I shall be out of town in October and November.

In order to draw the page conveniently, I should like you to invent a little desk for it, to slope to any angle, with little *flat* ivory teeth to hold the pages open at any place—mere pegs cut the leaves and I should like the ivory holders to be bored, as at a—b—c—d—so attached as always to fit without pressure—sliding out or in, according to the thickness of book opened, then the whole to be enclosed in a good frame of the best wood—and covered with the finest plate glass—frame and glass so lifting together as to show the book to the copyist. If you can get such a thing well made, subject to the approval of the librarian, I will make a present of it to the Advocates' Library for this Bible.

Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

In the letter I have referred to in "Fors Clavigera" Mr. Ruskin recurs to the advice he gave his Scotch student on the subject of prize competition in these decided terms: "It was the first time that I had been brought into direct collision with the modern system

of prize-giving and competition; and the mischief of it was, in the sequel, clearly shown to me, and tragically. This youth had the finest powers of mechanical execution I have ever met with, but was quite incapable of invention, or strong intellectual effort of any kind. Had he been taught early and thoroughly to know his place, and be content with his faculty, he would have been one of the happiest and most serviceable of men. But, at the art schools, he got prize after prize for his neat handling; and having, in his restricted imagination, no power of discerning the qualities of great work, all the vanity of his nature was brought out unchecked; so that, being intensely industrious and conscientious, as well as vain (it is a Scottish combination of character not unfrequent), he naturally expected to become one of the greatest of men. My answer not only mortified, but angered him, and made him suspicious of me; he thought I wanted to keep his talents from being fairly displayed, and soon afterwards asked leave (he was then in my employment as well as under my teaching) to put himself under another master. I gave him leave at once, telling him, "if he found the other master no better to his mind, he might come back to me whenever he chose." The other master giving him no more hope of advancement than I did, he came back to me; I sent him into Switzerland to draw Swiss architecture; but instead of doing what I bid him, quietly, and nothing else, he set himself, with furious industry, to draw snowy mountains and clouds, that he might show me he *could* draw like Albert Dürer or Turner; spent his strength in agony of vain effort; caught cold, fell into decline, and died." The accuracy of much of this severe criticism will be apparent from passages in the following letters from Mr. Ruskin to the youth who was so greatly indebted to him for his large and thoughtful generosity:—

DEAR —

Write immediately to — and say that you cannot stay in your present position unless your salary is paid regularly. If he

is offended, you may come to me. I never intended you to take my place when the salary was not a settled matter. Leave it instantly, unless it is paid, and stipulate for a regular sum, not one dependent on work, or come to me.

Only if you do so—at your old salary, you must observe the following conditions:

1st. You must now work for me only, and put all other matters out of your head. If you think you are not getting on with me, leave me.

2nd. You must do what I bid you, about not working at late hours. I was more displeased by your disobeying my positive orders on this point, given you before you went to Chartres, than pleased by all the work you did. Understand, once for all, I will not have this done. You may think I have no right to dictate to you in this matter, but your ill-health gives me trouble and anxiety, and unless you choose to let me regulate your hours of work, I will not have you working for me.

3rd. You are not to come to me with new plans once a fortnight or with speculations about your not getting on. I have no time for that kind of thing. You shall be at liberty to leave me whenever you like; but don't talk about it until you intend doing it.

I would rather for the present year you stayed with — at a fixed salary, but you may come to me whenever you like on these terms. I send the thing and remain

Yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

2nd March, 1858.

DEAR —

I am much pleased with all your letters and all shall be done as you wish. The money will come to-morrow. I was not surprised at your account, but I had not had time to turn round since I got to London.

Truly yours,

J. R.

One sentence surprised me—your saying "Don't think I want to equal you"—why should not I think this? Do you really suppose that I want to keep you back? I have many faults—sensuality—covetousness—laziness—lots of things I could tell you of—but God knows—and I take Him solemnly to witness thereto this day—that if I could make you—or any one—greater than myself in any way whatever—I would do so instantly—and my only vexation with my pupils is when I can't get them to do what I think good for them; my chief joy, when they do great things.

DENMARK HILL,

1st November, Evening.

MY DEAR —,

After a very fatiguing day, I can only—for it is near midnight—write you this line to say I accept your promise, and am about to pray for you that you may be enabled to keep it. Only remember that no human strength can keep it except by instant flight from all temptation—*instantly* turning the thoughts in another direction. No reasoning or resolution will stand. To turn away the eyes and thoughts is the only way.

If you have not been hitherto enabled to do this, you will find that in perfect chastity, of thought and body, there is indeed a strange power, rendering every act of the soul more healthy and spiritual, and giving a strength which otherwise is altogether unattainable. Spenser has set it forth perfectly under the image of the all-conquering Britomart. When I say "no human strength can keep it, except," etc., I mean not that even by flight—human strength can conquer without perpetual help. But God has appointed that his help shall be given only to those who "turn their eyes from beholding vanity;" nay, it is by this help that those eyes are turned. I can only say a *word* on the question of your letter to which this leads. I never met with but one book in my life that was clear on the subject of works and faith, and that book is the Bible. Read it only on this subject. And I think you will come to the conclusion that though works are not the *price* of salvation, they are assuredly the *way* to it, and the only way. I do not mean the Way in the sense in which Christ is the Way, but the way in the sense of the Strait Gate. For Christ the Door is not strait, and Christ the Way not narrow. But the short of it is—Christ says—"When ye have *done* all that is commanded you, then say we are unprofitable servants." He does not say: Do *nothing* that is commanded you, and all is right if you say you are unprofitable. Read the Sermon on the Mount. It is work, work, work, from beginning to end. And I believe all the divisions of Christians are caused by their hatred of the simple text: "Whoso heareth my words and *doeth* them." The Romanists substitute paying and praying for doing—the Scotch, believing for doing; the English, reverence for doing—and so on. Plain taking up of the hard, heavy cross is the last thing with them all. Strive always to *do*—acknowledge continually that it is Christ which worketh in you, both to will and do. And

you will soon know the doctrine whether it be of God. Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

It is interesting to compare the opinions in this letter with somewhat similar ones expressed by Mr. Ruskin in "Fors" many years afterwards: "'Look at Mr. Robert Stephenson' (we tell a boy), 'and at Mr. James Watt, and Mr. William Shakespeare! you know you are every bit as good as they; you have only to work in the same way, and you will infallibly arrive at the same eminence.' Most boys believe the 'you are every bit as good as they,' without any painful experiment; but the better-minded ones really take the advised measures; and as, at the end of all things, there *can* be but one Mr. James Watt, or Mr. William Shakespeare, the rest of the candidates for distinction, finding themselves, after all their work, still indistinct, think it must be the fault of the police, and are riotous accordingly."

The next letter shows how anxious Mr. Ruskin was to impress upon the young artist the danger of identifying himself with the principles of the pre-Raphaelites; and also proves him a long-suffering and generous patron:—

MY DEAR —

I am very thankful to hear of your tolerably steady health and consistent employment. At the risk of hurting your health a little, I answer one or two of the questions you ask me—perhaps it is better to hurt you a little at once than allow you to overwork yourself.

You are, I see, still under the impression that people can become great painters, or great anything else, by application. If you read my books a little more carefully you will see this denied in every other page, nearly.

A great painter, a great man is born great, born forever. No other person can ever approach or liken himself in the slightest degree to him. A man is born a painter as a hippopotamus is born a hippopotamus—and you can no more *make* yourself one than you can make yourself a giraffe. Moreover, a great man's work always tells more in advancing him than other people's, so that the older other people are, the *further they are off* from the great men. A

little baby is very like a big baby—infant Chalon like infant Michael Angelo. When they are each seventy years old—this difference is *infinite*. I don't know what *you* are; nor can you yourself know, till you give up wishing to be what you are *not*. All work may be made to benefit you, if you do it wisely. All work will injure you if you strive to do it egotistically. Your wood-drawing may be made most beneficial to you if you just try to bring out all the virtues of the wood instead of the virtues of—[the addressee of the letter].

The best thing you can at present think of is making your work pay, that is to say, getting much effect with few touches. You have got into a cramped and minute way of work and should study *coarseness*. The drawing of Lucca you made for the Builder was uselessly fine. A lovely drawing, but nobody could have cut it at the required cost. Have you my pamphlet on Pre-Raphaelitism? In haste,

Yours affectionately,
J. R.

MY DEAR —,

I wanted to think more over this matter, and I have not time. I shall put the points which need thought before you as clearly as I can. I could give you the bare means of support in London, at all events for some time, and you could be of great use to me, and would have much leisure to study what you liked. But, in the first place, your connecting yourself with me, and distinctly declaring yourself to have adopted my principles, might very possibly be seriously prejudicial to all your prospects in life. It might or might not, but the alternative is one on which you ought to have the best advice. I do not doubt that you *will* endeavor, when you obtain influence or employment, to carry out my views; but I believe that a distinct adherence to me at present might be adverse to your *obtaining* employment. The architects are of course all hostile to me; Scandal—and determined—carefully studied calumny—have for the present destroyed what influence I had over the very senseless people who form the larger portion of the upper classes of society—and it may be long—God knows how long—before my good word it good for anything again.

Farther, I do not like to take you away from your own country and your relations. If I did, your mother would look upon me as in some sort responsible for your future fate, and I cannot take this responsibility.

I would take it in your case more willingly than in that of any one that I know, but I am not learned in the ways of men—and my pursuits are already so much too numerous and too difficult for me that I am compelled above all things to avoid any responsibility or ground for anxiety in matters in which I have little experience. If you came to London I would do you what kindness I could, but your success would depend entirely on your own perseverance and on opportunities which might never occur, and which I could not hunt up for you.

If, under these circumstances, after considering them carefully, you like to run the risk, I will give you at the rate of £— a year from the day you set foot in London, continuing this salary as long as I see you are studying properly and conducting yourself well; or until you are able to find a better position for yourself. I would first wish you to learn to draw—so far as I could show you how—in an artistical way, and then your work for me would consist sometimes in copying missals, sometimes in making the most careful and perfect drawings of the architecture of Northern France, where you would be much better off for your £— a year than in England.

If things go as I hope, I *might* be able to bring you forward as an architect; that is to say, if you have really powers of design; and gradually you would be thus able to shake yourself free of my help, and obtain an honorable position. But this is contingent on your powers of invention—and on *my* recovering my influence. You might not be able to do this, and might remain—making drawings for me at £— a year—until you were disgusted. And then remember—I will not be accused of having spoiled your prospects in life. I make you this offer—not being at all able to say whether it would be wise in you to accept it or not—it is certainly for you to decide. But one thing be assured of—that though I cannot help you—I will not hinder you—in advancement; that you should be at liberty at all times to look after any situation that offered, and at any moment to quit mine. And if—as might possibly happen—your drawings came to have market value, you should have a certain time at your disposal for the execution of works of a salable kind.

Do not answer this hastily. Ask much advice about it. Faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Of course the advantage of the thing would be your having leisure, power of studying what you chose—occasional use of valuable books in my library, and the run of the British Museum—besides the estimable advantage of being under positive orders always to go to bed at ten o'clock. The disadvantages are *very* poor lodging—little can be had for £— a year in London—slight chance of getting on—danger of getting associated in my warfare—chance of illness, far from friends—in France. As far as regards *me*—you need not trouble your mind at all. Your work would be worth much more to me than what I offer you, and I should like to have you near me. On the other hand, I could not help being anxious about you, and worried if you did not get on. So that I really cannot tell whether I should like you to come or not; and if you come, you need of course feel under no obligation to me—and if you refuse—you need not fear offending me. I shall be in either case precisely the same to you that I have been.

You understand that you will have to find board, lodging, and all for this salary. I live in my father's and mother's house, where I cannot give rooms to any one.

It is to be hoped that the candid opinions of Mr. Ruskin expressed in these letters will assist young artists who fancy themselves the only successors of Turner to qualify their conceit and take to heart the excellent advice he gives on pride, vanity, and their attendant evils.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN.

THUS they style them, the simple-minded folk who can think of no better term by which to describe those spiritual children whom we meet with now and then to our great refreshment and comfort in this world, who seem to have already, as it were, the name of God written on their foreheads. "He wur allus a old-fashioned little chap," says the poor father of humble calling, and draws his rough sleeve across his eyes when you condole with him on the sorest affliction the soul of man is capable of sustaining, that which for its

severity was chosen as the climax of ten terrible plagues to subdue the will of a stiff-necked tyrant, — the death of a first-born son. They do so often die, these old-fashioned children, in real life as in fiction. Although they may be sturdy of limb and apparently of sound constitution, and though they take so kindly and comprehensive an interest in every living thing and every circumstance of their brief life on earth, yet there is somewhat in them which is not of this world, and generally they spend but a short time in it, being, we can but conjecture, required elsewhere. And who, apart from natural grief, can regret them? Who, had he the power, dare call one of them back? "For what," asks Phillips Brooks, in a passage which gives the whole gist of the otherwise inscrutable matter, "what is it when a child dies? It is the great Head-Master calling him into his own room to finish his education at his own feet. The whole thought of a child's development in heaven instead of earth is one of the most exalting on which the mind can rest. Always there must be something in those who died as children to make them different to all eternity from those who grew up to be men here among all the temptations and hindrances of earth."

Let us glance at the old-fashioned children whom we meet in the world of fiction; for what children (other than our very own) with whom we hold converse in actual life are half so real as these? There they are, a whole family of them, — David Copperfield, Paul Dombey, Little Nell, Alice in Wonderland, dear Jackanapes, little Lord Fauntleroy, and all their brothers and sisters.

Shakespeare deals not with children, old-fashioned or otherwise; he has over-much to do with men and women, and few under adult age appear on his immortal page. When he does have occasion to introduce one, he draws him in a few vigorous lines, and you have a real child before you. There is in all his works no more tenderly drawn character than the ill-starred,

hapless Arthur, lovable as loving; but Arthur is a boy, not a child. The most genuine child of his I can recall is the little prince Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale." A "sweet villain" this, as his sire calls him; somewhat precocious in his dalliance with his royal mother's waiting-women, yet withal a sturdy brat, with his smutched nose and charming impudence. But, "go play, Mamillius, thou art (or shalt be) an honest man," but thou art not one of my old-fashioned children.

The old-fashioned child is in fact a development of modern writers, and to Dickens for his delineation of this, as of many other phases of human character, the palm must be given. It is he indeed who has supplied us with the phrase; for this is what they all, Dr. Blimber and his erudite daughter, the not too sympathetic Mrs. Pipchin, the thoroughly sympathetic Florence, Toots, the footman, and I may even add, the dog Diogenes, considered him to be, — old-fashioned. There was no other term for him, and the spontaneous, almost unconscious, tenderness with which every one regarded him and his old fashions is the most touching tribute to the semi-divine nature of this dear child. A later generation may perhaps be hardly able to realize the intense and sympathetic interest with which this spiritual conception was received. As a testimony to the vivid reality of little Paul I will venture to cite a personal instance. It was told me by an old friend of my own mother that, when as a bride she was beguiling the tedium of her husband's absence by reading the story, then being published in monthly parts, at the sound of wheels she ran out into the hall, exclaiming, with tears in her eyes and grief as for a real child in her voice, "Oh, William, have you heard? Little Paul Dombey is dead!"

Possibly, therefore, my extreme reverence for this character, unshaken as it remains after the onslaughts of a certain school of modern criticisms ever on the alert to detect false pathos and pre-disposed to disparage even genuine enthusiasm, may be in a manner heredi-

itary. Be this as it may, recent criticism notwithstanding, I at least can discern nothing theatrical in the presentment of this sweet child, living or dying. "Tell them the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough," may, as has been suggested, savor too much of art criticism. Yet who shall say what such children may not see as they draw near to the everlasting arms which from their birth seem ready to embrace them? Who, at least, will maintain that the golden water dancing on the wall or the sound of the great river rolling ever seawards, is not in the highest degree compatible with an imaginative child's fancy?

There is a glamour, as it were, of melancholy over all these children of Dickens. They are not morbid; they are genuine and lifelike; yet to the reader of average sensibility they occasion pain as well as pleasure by reason of the intense sympathy which they evoke, a reflection of that spontaneous sympathy with all forms of human suffering and decay which was so marked a characteristic of the author. This is particularly the case with Little Nell, with *Oliver Twist*, and with *David Copperfield*. David especially, who as representing Dickens's own unhappy childhood, may be taken as the prototype of all his old-fashioned children, stands out a little human reality, precocious, indeed, in tribulation, and in that reflective philosophy which is the offspring of tribulation in a generous heart, whether of child or man; yet not, I submit, preternaturally so. Some of us have seen in the flesh such children, of quick, ingenuous spirit, rendered old, or rather old-fashioned, by premature sorrow, the loss for instance of the one who loved and understood, and consequent deprivation of that sympathy which is to such children as the breath of life. Driven in upon itself the child's mind becomes, as I have said, not necessarily morbid, but introspective and reflective beyond its years, thus inducing that gravity of mien which, combined with natural sweetness of disposition, and brightened by the sense of humor such chil-

dren almost invariably possess, makes up that delightful attribute which we, for lack of a more adequate term, have learned to call old-fashionedness. Both David and Oliver, as well as Paul Dombey, were essentially old-fashioned children.

And Little Nell, — what is to be said of her? I must confess that, amiable and devoted as she is, Nell appears to me somewhat less spontaneous than the others. Many possibly hold a different opinion, and will traverse this judgment; but to me the character seems a little overstrained, and therefore less taking than the other children of Dickens's exquisite fancy. The book in which Little Nell is enshrined is a capital one, and perennially interesting; but the chapters of it which in my maturer years please me most are, I must own, those which have least to do with Little Nell and her grandfather. Mrs. Jarley and her man George, briefly as they are described, are, to avail one's self of a term generally expressive of their author, inimitable; the amiable simplicity of the unsophisticated Garland family is a perpetual refreshment; the demoniac humors of Quilp, the sublime self-complacency and equally sublime chivalry of that choice spirit, Mr. Richard Swiveller, are matters which never pall; but the long, long gush of Little Nell's relations to her troublesome old grandfather sometimes does. I do not deny the pathos of it all; but I think the pathos is at times elaborated into wearisomeness. It amounts to this, that while exaggeration not unfrequently enhances and gives point to comedy, it is apt in tragedy to defeat its own end. Nevertheless we could ill have spared Little Nell; for there is in her, as in all her creator's characters, much reality; so much that never can I revisit the beautiful old church of Tong, in Shropshire (from which the village where her waning days were spent is said to have been drawn), without some vision of the fair but fading girl haunting its mossy tombs or the time-worn effigies within its hoary walls.

But most pathetic to me (I know

not why) has always been the departure from this "star of suffering" of Baby Johnny in "Our Mutual Friend." Is there not something infinitely touching in that little scene in the children's ward of the hospital, when, having made his last will and testament, leaving his toys (his horse, his Noah's ark, his yellow bird, and man in the Guards) to his tiny fellow-sufferer in the next cot, not forgetting a kiss for the "boofer lady," Johnny, having bequeathed all he had to dispose of and arranged his affairs in this world, left it?

That Dickens rather over-did these children's deathbeds, and thereby set a mischievous example which has been all too abundantly followed, and that had he given us but one (say little Paul's, which was essential to the scheme of the story) it would have been the more impressive, is hardly to be gainsaid. Nevertheless it must be admitted that in suffering so many of them to die he was at least true to fact, since we must all have observed that a majority of these old-fashioned children do not survive their infancy. Why this should be, when they are often of normal health and constitution, is not to be explained, unless upon the hypothesis contained in the before-quoted passage of Phillips Brooks.

Thackeray, though I do not recall that he gives us anywhere an old-fashioned child of the type I am attempting to describe, yet supplies us with a genuine brat or two. Notably in his famous Becky's little neglected son. We begin actually to like the graceless Rawdon when we note his fondness for his boy; and quite the prettiest picture in that absorbing book is where, meeting in the park the little George Osborne, whose father the gambling soldier had plundered and despised, he sets him behind his own son on the pony, and the colonel, the corporal, and old Mr. Sedley with his umbrella, three incongruous persons united by this common bond of sympathy, walk by the children's side.

Descending from the classics we come now to some old-fashioned chil-

dren of later birth, — our small friends Jackanapes, little Lord Fauntleroy, and Alice in Wonderland. Jackanapes is a genuine boy of the most lovable type, and the sweet and tender story of which he is the central figure is one which will delight generations of readers. Fauntleroy, too, is a child full of grace and beauty, who with all his goodness never lapses into that terrible monstrosity, the juvenile prig. The earlier part of the story, recounting his adventures in the land of his exile, is perhaps the stronger. His friendship with the American storekeeper, the shoeblack, and the old apple-woman, are not merely entertaining, but absolutely true to life; for it is ever a characteristic of the old-fashioned child to establish sympathies with the most dissimilar and improbable persons. The beneficial influence which the child exerts, when he comes to England, upon his ill-tempered and arrogant old grandfather is also artistic; though perhaps his intense interest in an oppressed tenantry, with whom he can have had no personal acquaintance, is a little too philanthropic for so young a child, and apt to induce a comparison with the supernaturally angelic Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Among numberless portraits of the same kind little Lord Fauntleroy stands out as an ideal of childhood, and an example of a nature so intrinsically sweet and noble that it cannot be spoiled by indulgence, or daunted by difficulty.

And Alice, dear Alice, — "child of the pure, unclouded brow, and dreaming eyes of wonder!" — surely the charm of that wonderful book consists in the delightful personality of the child herself more even than in the irresistible drollery of her adventures. Knowing too from whom Alice was drawn, and the idyllic circumstances of the story's origin, what memories it must ever recall to many of us! How it bears us back to the classic banks of the Isis, — to the meadows of Christchurch and Merton, with the chequered shadows of the limes falling on the Broad Walk; to the tall gates over which we perilously climbed when re-

turning belated from the boats ; to the river-side, and the gay colors of the crews as on some balmy evening in May the long string of racing-boats dropped down with rhythmic cadence to the start for that desperate struggle from Ifley Lasher to Folly Bridge, when hopes were high and young hearts strong ; or again to long hours in cushioned punts on the winding Cherwell, with the city of the dreaming spires at one's back, and the scent of new-dried hay wafted on the fragrant air. All that is long ago, but, —

Still she haunts me phantom-wise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

Ever drifting down the stream,
Lingering in the golden gleam,
Life, what is it but a dream ?

A dream ? Ay, — yet in it the dream-children come to us and bear a message from above, as in De Quincey's beautiful vision when he was in church on a heavenly Sunday morn, where in the great east window the golden sunlight of God slept among the heads of his apostles and martyrs and saints, and where the lawny beds went up to scale the heavens, and shadowy arms moved downwards to meet them. He tells how then his soul was moved by the anthem, which seems to have been the Hallelujah Chorus, and in what a passage he describes it ! " The storm, the trampling movement of the choral passion, the agitation of my own trembling sympathy, the tumult of the choir, the wrath of the organ. Once more I, that wallowed in the dust, became he that rose up to the clouds. And now all was bound into unity ; the first state and the last were melted into each other as in some sunny, glorifying haze. For high in heaven hovered a gleaming host of faces, veiled with wings around the pillows of the dying children. And such beings sympathize equally with sorrow that grovels and with sorrow that soars ! " Merely the fantastic ravings of the opium-eater, our omniscient friend the modern materialistic critic assures us ; otherwise it might sound to us as the ecstasy of one to whom had

been revealed as in a vision the divinely proclaimed fact that in heaven the angels do always behold the eternal Father's face.

The possession in actual life of one of these old-fashioned children, though perhaps the highest privilege that can be accorded to man on earth, is by no means an unqualified blessing. The affection which such a child inspires is apt to become a pain from its very intensity. Sweet as is the communion between your child and you, the pleasure of that communion is always chastened by the awful dread lest the heaven-born spirit should wear through its fragile sheath before the latter shall have had time to become tempered to this trying existence. To have such a child and to lose him, even though it be but temporarily, is a trial from which the most steadfast soul may well crave to be spared. While he is yours you realize to the full what the Psalmist meant by one's being not ashamed when one met one's enemies in the gate ; when he is gone from you, you can but turn your face in sorrow to the wall ; the joy of life is past, and henceforth, however kindly Fortune may treat you, her kindness seems but a mockery, since he can no longer share in the prosperity which you would have desired chiefly for his sake.

The companionship of such a child is indeed delightful. The animation of his converse, the sympathetic interest which he takes in all your concerns, the generousness of his views, the *naïveté* of his remarks, the humor of which, as I have said, such children are not infrequently capable, combine to render him the most charming of comrades, the truest of friends. The only way in which he is likely to trouble you will be with his questions, which are interminable. He will ask you forty in a minute, some possibly involving problems of the first magnitude, of which nevertheless he expects an immediate and satisfactory solution, his respect for your superior wisdom being occasionally as embarrassing as it is flattering.

But if we cannot say altogether with

the poet that in the presence of the children, "the questions that perplexed us have vanished quite away," otherwise we are wholly with him; for what indeed are our contrivings for wealth, position, fame, what all our lore of earthly wisdom, compared with the loving clasp of little warm white arms about our neck, the pressure of rosy lips, the rustling of soft curls against our brow, and the whisper as of the breath of heaven in our ears?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

Moreover, such children are themselves invariably endowed with the poetic faculty. We do not of course mean the faculty of composing poetry, but the faculty of feeling it. The one is of art, the other of nature. A poet, our old-fashioned child is born, and though in mature age he write never a line, or fashion never a verse, a poet he will remain to the end of the chapter. Tennyson recognized this fact when he addressed his little grandson and namesake as "Glorious poet who never hast written a line." And who cannot supply some instance of this appreciative faculty from his own observation? "All white, with lots of storm in it," was a little child's graphic description of the sea at Bournemouth which he had seen in the fury of a southwesterly gale. "The trees, daddy, the trees!" exclaimed one yet younger, lying in his father's arms as they drove beneath lofty elms by night. Baby though he was, but lately endued with the power of articulate speech, he could evidently perceive the majesty of the deep masses of foliage tossing dimly against the darkening sky; and his infant soul was stirred by the solemn diapason which thrilled with mystic murmurings through their waving shapes. Ah, that boy! never have I beheld in the flesh so perfect a specimen of my old-fashioned child,—tall, straight as a lance, fine of limb, and clear-eyed as a young deer, with the smile of a seraph, and a voice like a lute. What a man he

would have made had he not been called, while yet a little child, to a higher than human sphere!

Yet who can say how such a child, though the heir of generations of culture, and fenced about from infancy with every social safeguard, will grow up; or to what extent the trials and temptations of the world may not mar the original creation, "only a little lower than the angels"? It is indeed for the children that we feel most keenly the curse of sin and shame upon this world of ours. How sad a thing it seems that they, with all their bright and holy innocence, all their capacity for happiness and enjoyment, should ever taste of sorrow! Yet we know that in their turn they must, even as we in our time have all drunk of that bitter cup.

Our old-fashioned child, too, is peculiarly susceptible to all those influences which make for sorrow in the human heart. "He who has most of heart," says an old writer, "knows most of sorrow;" and being all heart, so to speak, the child feels most deeply both his own troubles and those of the world at large. Aware of the refining influence of sorrow upon the noble mind, we do not presume to deprecate the stern discipline of life in their maturer years; but we do most wrathfully resent the tyranny so often practised upon helpless children. Nothing among all the imbecilities and wickednesses of perverted humanity kindles our ire so swiftly as this; nothing gratifies us more than the prompt punishment of the offender. We clap vigorously when the exasperated usher falls upon the brutal Squeers, while we would with joy ourselves have taken a turn at Mr. Murdstone in an eighteen-foot ring; for was not he, the wretch, an oppressor of one of our old-fashioned children? Nor have there been wanting, alas! in real life, and in recent years, instances of the most horrible and systematic cruelties inflicted upon children of tender age. To defend these from outside molestation is simply a matter of police; but who is to protect them from their protectors,

their legal tyrants, in the privacy of their terrible homes? The pathos of the deaths of Dickens's children is as nothing to the pathos of those children's lives; while the things we read of almost daily in connection with the little ones of this actual world cause us to wonder how their guardian angels contrive to stay their hands.

The joys and sorrows of childhood, like its grace and innocence, may be but for a day, yet how desirable that that day should be as happy as we who have the care of them can make it! An act of cruelty or injustice perpetrated upon an innocent child leaves a mark upon the sensitive, loving soul which time cannot efface. Therefore, look to it, parents and guardians of young children, that the dew of morning be not brushed off the tender blossom by any rough, unsympathetic handling of yours. The noontide sun when it ascends on the fulness of manhood will scorch it up; but anticipate not the noontide at dawn.

And what so ephemeral as the children themselves? Should you in heaven's mercy escape participation in the last and direst of Egypt's plagues, and your children be spared you; they do so soon grow up, they are your little ones for so short a space.

How the children leave us, and no traces

Linger of the smiling angel band;

Gone, forever gone, and in their places

Wearily men and anxious women stand.

Yet who would have been without the friendship of one of these little ones even though but the memory of it now remain? Surely it must soften, and in a manner purify the soul for the rest of time. How many a human character must have been chastened and elevated by the possession of such a child as I have here attempted to portray; while, on the other hand, from how many a virile mind has a certain grace been missing through lack of some such refining influence? Jean Jacques Rousseau, there is much in your famous "Confessions" which disgusts; but

there is nothing which more disgusts than the mawkish sentimentality with which, under the guise of reason, you seek to justify the baseness of your conduct in sending your third child "as well as the two former," to the Foundling Hospital. Had you kept them by you, and used your undoubted talents in working for their maintenance, you might perchance have gone down to posterity with a very different character from that of the prurient egotist you must be forever considered.

Parents (with some few abominable exceptions) are not nowadays so callous as was this pseudo-philosopher; yet few perhaps have any sufficient sense of their moral and social obligations, or realize that their offspring are of greater importance than themselves. Yet such must be the case, since the character which remains to be formed is obviously of greater import and significance to society than that which, for good or ill, is already developed. Each generation should be in fact an advance upon the preceding one; and such parents as can leave children to succeed them who shall be morally, mentally, and physically superior to themselves, have proved themselves benefactors to society, and may depart when their time comes in the comfortable assurance that they have not lived in vain. Self-indulgent and egotistical parents may be disposed to resist such a doctrine; the wise will accept it, for it is, as George Eliot has justly observed, "the proper order of things, the order of Nature, which treats all maturity as a mere *nidus* for youth."

And do you especially, O reader, unto whom is given the honor of being the parent of an old-fashioned child, accept that charge with joy, yet, for it is a sacred one, with fear and trembling. Should your child live, well; your own life will not have been entirely a fruitless one, since you were his progenitor. Should he die, again well; you will have entertained an angel, I will hope, not unawares.

FREDERIC ADYE.

